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JANUARY 10, 1969

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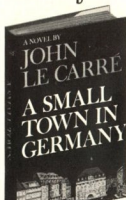
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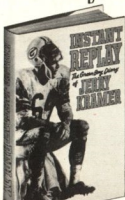
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323. ANTI-MEMOIRS André Malraux (Publisher's edition, \$4.95)



346. A WORLD OF PROFIT Louis Auchincloss (Publisher's edition, \$5.95)



262. AIRPORT Arthur Hailey (Publisher's edition, \$5.95)



18. THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls, (Publisher's editions, \$13.95)



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, January 9

THIS IS TOM JONES (ABC, 7:30-9 p.m.).* British Singer Tom Jones plays host to Guest Stars Dick Cavett, Juliet Prowse, Mireille Mathieu and The 5th Dimension.
THE WORLD WE LIVE IN (NET, 8:30-9 p.m.). "Water: Old Problems, New Methods" reviews the importance of water by showing where it comes from, and how it is used and wasted.

Saturday, January 11

SENIOR BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). Graduating seniors compete as North meets South at Ladd Memorial Stadium in Mobile, Ala.

CBS GOLF CLASSIC (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). Harold Henning and George Knudson play George Archer and Bob Lunn in the first of a 14-round elimination match for \$225,000 at the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio.

SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Arnold Palmer, Gay Brewer and Juan ("Chi Chi") Rodriguez compete at the El Conquistador Hotel in Las Croabas, Puerto Rico.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORT (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The International Women's Alpine Skiing Championship from Oberstaufen, Germany, and the Thousand-Mile Cross-Country Auto Race down the rugged Baja California peninsula from Ensenada to La Paz.

Sunday, January 12

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10:10-10:30 a.m.). A Negro community group from Chicago's South Side tells the Christmas story in original contemporary soul music in "Time Is Running Out: An Afterthought to Christmas," a swinging look at the season.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Senator Everett Dirksen (R., Ill.) is the guest, **SUPER BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 3 p.m. to conclusion).** The A.F.L. champion meets the N.F.L. champion in Miami's Orange Bowl.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). The really big show goes West to give the once-over to Las Vegas' new entertainment center, Circus Circus.

Monday, January 13

THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF JACQUES COUSTEAU (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Two sea lions, Pepito and Cristobal, make friends with Jacques Cousteau & Co. aboard the research vessel *Calypso* until the lure of the sea becomes stronger than human friendship.

NET JOURNAL (NET, 8-9 p.m.). "Fasten Your Seat Belts" focuses on the hazardous skies and snarled airports where air traffic grows far faster than the facilities available at present to handle it.

TO LOVE A CHILD (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A study of the joys and frustrations involved in adopting a child.

KILLY LE CHAMPION (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Jean-Claude Killy is seen on as well as off the slopes while he relaxes at parties, tries a bit of bull fighting and turns his hand to harness racing.

COSMOPOLIS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Architects and urban planners of today's present ways of easing the choked conditions of

tomorrow, including the possibility of constructing floating cities.

Tuesday, January 14

NBA ALL-STAR GAME (ABC, 8:30 p.m. to conclusion). Topnotch basketball live from Baltimore.

NBC TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke both won Oscars for their roles in *The Miracle Worker* (1962).

THEATER

On Broadway

FORTY CARATS is a frothy French farce from Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy, the team that wrote *Cactus Flower*. Julie Harris, as a twice-divorced damsel of 40 who is wooed and won by a lad nearly half her age, proves that love is a game for all seasons. As a tonic for middle-aged matrons, the play is so potent that Producer David Merrick may have to institute extra matinees to handle the crush.

PROMISES, PROMISES follows all the hallowed tactics for promoting mediocrity into success. Jerry Orbach is splendid as the tall, gangling anti-hero, and Marian Mercer turns in the acting gem of the evening as an amorous alcoholic pickup. But the comic tone of Neil Simon's book is bland rather than pithy, and most of the songs of the Burt Bacharach score are interchangeable tuneless.

JIMMY SHINE is like a book in which the text has been thrown away and the footnotes published. Playwright Murray Schisgal is fortunate to have Dustin Hoffman's ingratiating stage personality working for him as the luckless born loser, stumbling through episodes from his past, present and fantasy lives.

ZORBA. Producer-Director Harold Prince has turned out a brassy bit of Broadwayana that is as far from the Mediterranean basin as is Shubert Alley. Herschel Bernardi is never really possessed by the role of the grizzled Dionysian pagan, and the bouzouki music sounds as if it were piped in by Muzak.

KING LEAR. Lee J. Cobb gives the finest performance of his career in this revival by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. His portrayal of the blind, incurably foolish Lear has an all-involving humanity from which an audience cannot withhold some of its deepest emotions.

THE APA REPERTORY COMPANY races through Richard Wilbur's lithe translation of Molière's *The Misanthrope* with a light touch. The best thing about the play is Brian Bedford's smug Acaste.

Off Broadway

DAMES AT SEA is a delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the 1930s. The engaging cast of six features Bernadette Peters as Ruby, the hoover who "taps her way to stardom" against all odds.

BIG TIME BUCK WHITE. Dick Williams is more a bore than a bombshell as he delivers a sermon at a Black Power meeting. But the three years that the cast has worked together pays off in some fine comic ensemble playing.

TEA PARTY AND THE BASEMENT. Harold Pinter provokes a devilishly clever sort of participatory theater in which the playgoer is lured into playing detective without any clues. In *Tea Party*, a middle-aged man-

ufacturer of bidets is driven into a cata-tonic state by the interactions of his secretary, his wife and her brother. *The Basement* has two old friends vying for the affections of a girl with whom they share a basement flat.

CINEMA

THE FIXER. A generally faithful and often moving adaptation of Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer prizewinning novel about the passion of a modern Job. Under the careful and inventive direction of John Frankenheimer, the cast—notably Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holme—bring to the film a moral force reminiscent of Dostoevsky.

CHITTY CHITTY BANG. BANG is a friendly, affectionate musical for all ages—from five and twelve. The first half of the movie drags a bit, but the action picks up once Dick Van Dyke, who plays a pixilated inventor, gets his children, his girl friend (Sally Ann Howes) and his car airborne in a glorious romp.

THE FIREMEN'S BALL. Director Miloš Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*) has fashioned a frothy, funny parody-fable of Communist bureaucracy from a slight anecdote about a group of firemen who stage a party in honor of their retiring chief.

OLIVER! Dickens' reformist outrage is gone, but in its place are some lovely period costumes, some excellent songs by Lionel Bart, and a collection of perfectly stunning sets designed by John Box. Carol Reed directs a large cast (including Ron Moody, Shani Wallis and Mark Lester as Oliver) with wizardly precision.

YELLOW SUBMARINE is an eclectically animated voyage to Pepperland, starring four cartoon Beatles. The score is mostly familiar, and the film decidedly too long, but Animator Heinz Edelmund works a few droll visual puns and some distracting graphic legendman.

BULLITT. A visceral cops-and-robbers saga, starring Steve McQueen as a hip San Francisco police lieutenant on the hunt for assorted bad guys.

FUNNY GIRL is a loud, lumbering, almost anachronistic musical biography of Fanny Brice. Barbra Streisand's brassy talents are the none too firm foundation on which the film rests.

WEEKEND. Jean-Luc Godard gives the bourgeoisie a good drubbing in a satire that might have been sharper had its straight-faced Maoist political harangues not been so dull.

PRETTY POISON. Homicide can be fun, as Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld prove in this small but stinging satire on violence in America directed by Noel Black. 31, whose previous experience has been mostly in educational and commercial shorts.

COOGAN'S BLUFF. French film critics have long hailed Director Don Siegel as a minor genius, and this film is ample proof that his reputation is no Gallic caprice. With measured professionalism, Siegel tells the story of an Arizona sheriff (Clint Eastwood) who travels to New York to extradite a prisoner.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE. by Jack Olsen. The incident itself was only a footnote to the history of World War II's Italian campaign. Yet Author Olsen (*The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*) performs a

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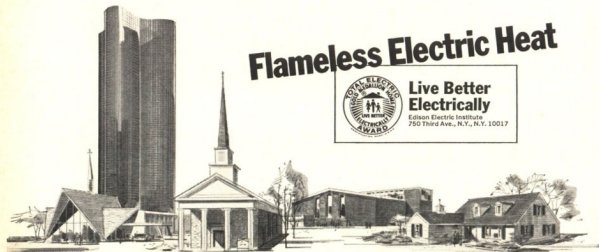
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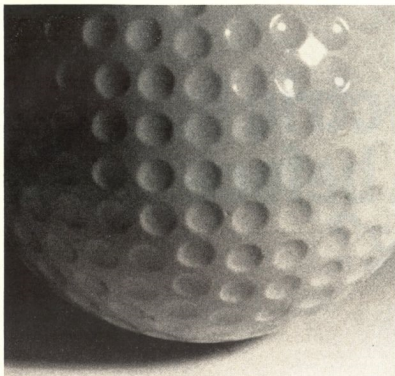


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feat of literary journalism in this meticulously researched, excruciatingly detailed account of Nazi SS reprisal raids on Italian villages that resulted in the murder of 1,800 people, most of whom were women and children.

MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutyens. *Private Lives*, Victorian style, raised to the level of art by the author's skill and the writing ability of Critic John Ruskin and his wife.

THE ARMS OF KRUPP, by William Manchester. An encyclopedic history of the eccentric family whose arsenal on the Ruhr armed Germany in two world wars.

TURPIN, by Stephen Jones. A veterinarian and part-time lobster fisherman is caught up in ludicrous deaths and humorous depravities in this fine, satiric first novel.

THE BEASTLY BEATITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B., by J. P. Donleavy. Fumbling seductions and moneyed monkeyshines fill Donleavy's tall tale of a rich and dreamy young man wandering aimlessly through Paris, Dublin and London.

INSTANT REPLAY: THE GREEN BAY DIARY OF JERRY KRAMER. The legend of former Coach Vince Lombardi acquires a gilt-edged sparkle in this on-the-line account of pro football life by the Packers' all-pro right guard.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL. The cross-grained texture of the intellectual and political history of Western Europe during the '30s and '40s is brilliantly perceived through this gathering of Orwell's writings, edited and annotated by his widow, Sonia, and Ian Angus.

O'NEILL: SON AND PLAYWRIGHT, by Louis Sheaffer. In the first of two volumes, Author Sheaffer examines the emotional factors in the playwright's family history that drove him to write his great sprawling tragedies.

THE CAT'S PAJAMAS AND WITCH'S MILK, by Peter De Vries. In these two grotesquely humorous novellas, a gifted, discontented man works hard at being a failure, and a gentle, down-at-heart woman struggles with domestic disaster.

THE PUBLIC IMAGE, by Muriel Spark. A wickedly witty novel about a movie star who rises and falls on her public image.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (1 last week)
2. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (2)
3. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (4)
4. *Airport*, Hailey (3)
5. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean (6)
6. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (7)
7. *Testimony of Two Men*, Caldwell (9)
8. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (10)
9. *And Other Stories*, O'Hara (8)
10. *The Senator*, Pearson (5)

NONFICTION

1. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (1)
2. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (4)
3. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (2)
4. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (3)
5. *On Reflection*, Hayes (5)
6. *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Lundberg (7)
7. *Sixty Years on the Firing Line*, Krock (6)
8. *The Joys of Yiddish*, Rosten (8)
9. *Anti-Memoirs*, Malraux (10)
10. *The American Challenge*, Servan-Schreiber

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The men or women who may be appointed in the new areas now to be opened will receive complete training in the operation of their businesses. They will be shown how to hire and train others. Our Executive Staff will spend the time necessary to launch each Coordinator on the road to success, and will be available for help in promoting the rapid expansion of each business.

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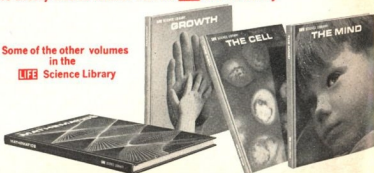
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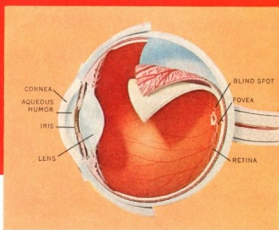
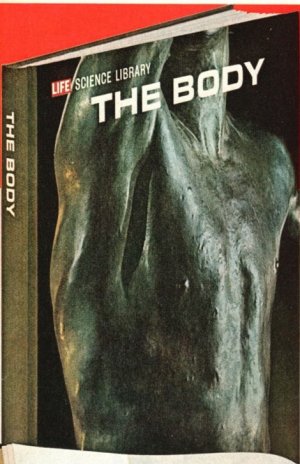
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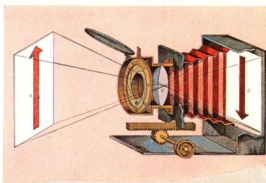
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MUSCLES ON THE RUN

The man to the right is not his neighbor, but a composite of many muscles. Muscles are not in one or two places, they are everywhere, and they are not in one place, they are everywhere, and they are not in one place, they are everywhere.



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LETTERS

The Men from the Moon

Sir: What a strange and wonderful day for the human soul. Our Men of the Year, Frank Borman, James Lovell and William Anders are home safe [Jan. 3]. Home from the moon and space, home from the perils that never happened, home to their families and friends and to something rare in the world that sent them. Home to the miracle of men feeling something together, men strangely undivided in a time of fierce dissension, men all over the earth feeling wonder and warmth and pride. And we suddenly wondered if somehow we could capture and preserve what we feel this day. And if we could, is not a better world of men possible?

For this brief time, Borman, Lovell and Anders have given us an absence of negatives, a precious if temporary freedom from fear and confusion so that we felt something so very much better: a cell-deep, bone-felt, soul-binding, heart-stirring pride in being men.

JOSEPH J. PHILLIPS

Goleta, Calif.

Sir: "Numberless are the world's wonders, but none more wonderful than man; the storm-grey sea yields to his prows, the huge crests bear him high; earth, holy and inexhaustible, is graven with shining furrows where his plows have gone . . . (Antigone).

What say you now, Sophocles, relevant to his ability to circumnavigate the moon!

GEORGE LEGEROS

Minneapolis

Sir: How thrilling that this apotheosis should appear in the heavens at the time of the winter solstice, when the ancient gods awake from the dead winter, the period that later became confused and fused with the Christian nativity myth. Gods never die; they simply change their names, and here is the ancient god, even Apollo himself, reborn and greeting us from the heavens. Hail!

S. LEVIN

Johannesburg

Sir: Although I agree enthusiastically with your choice for Men of the Year, let us hope that next year's selection will be an individual or group of individuals who will possess the same courage, the same determination and the same national support in solving the tragic domestic and political problems that face us all on earth.

DAVID GUTTERMAN

Durham, N.C.

Value Judgment

Sir: A bomb in a Tel Aviv bus depot, an explosion in a Jerusalem marketplace, the shoot-out of an airliner in Athens, raids, raids and more raids on villages, continued vilification and threats—all these and other incidents apparently make the world more interesting. The U.S. State Department ignores these offenses, or at most sounds a mild "tut-tut." The U.N. does the same. However, an Israeli reprisal, designed to tone down the level of warlike activity on the part of the Arabs, generates storms of protest. The greatest protest is raised not because lives are lost but because Israel destroyed some expensive airplanes in Beirut. Where is the sense of values when world figures and nations collectively and individually object to the loss of property but do not make

themselves heard when lives are deliberately destroyed? The condemnation charges against Israel should be withdrawn and a genuine effort made to help the countries of the Middle East find peace.

HERBERT FRANKEL

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Sir: To protect its air lifeline and the security of its citizens, the State of Israel reacted to the Arab attack on an El Al airliner after waiting for a world response that never came. Apathetic and silent when a passenger was murdered and the lives of others were threatened by two Lebanese terrorists assigned to kill Jews, the world angrily condemned Israel for destroying property. I know that little moral value still exists in the world, but had the sanctity of life disappeared, too? Had Israel not retaliated so forcefully, no airport would ever be safe from such an attack in the future.

Your article implies that the Lebanese government was not responsible for the terrorists' actions, yet the Lebanese Prime Minister condoned these attacks by stating, "We consider commando action as a sacred and legitimate action."

It is time that you and the rest of the world woke up to the fact that Israel, like all of us, wants to live in peace, but cannot do so as long as these terrorist attacks continue; Israel will not stand idly while innocent citizens perish.

GLORIA GARFUNKEL

Elizabeth, N.J.

Matter of Honor?

Sir: Jan. 23, 1968 marked a low point in the proud history of the U.S. Navy. The commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Pueblo*, knowing that his ship contained vital secret information and equipment, surrendered to a tenth-rate pirate power without a fight. What a far cry from the days of our naval heroes who went down with their ships with all guns firing and who helped make America great.

Dec. 22, 1968 marked a low point in the proud history of the U.S.A. Our national leaders sanctioned a humiliating apology to North Korea while saying at the same time that the signed document was a lie. Where is our national honor that we sacrifice it as tribute?

KENNETH P. MINER

Belmont, Mass.

Sir: I'm amused at—no, really, I feel sorry for—anybody who blithely accepts the carnage of Viet Nam and the shenanigans of espionage but who suddenly

gets all excited about the morality of our Panmunjon procedure.

General Woodward gave the North Koreans plenty of opportunity to stop payment of his check. He told them and the whole world before he signed his draft that it would be worthless. I want no truck with an "end-justifies-the-means" philosophy, which whitewashes all kinds of dirty deals. But to ignore one's goals while pondering one's methods can also lead to evil and irresponsible doings. In this instance I'm convinced that the release of 82 men from oppression and brutality cries out loudly in defense of General Woodward. He doesn't need my blessing, but I'm glad to offer it.

(THE REV.) BERTWIN L. FRIEY

The Lutheran Church
Cleveland

Don't Wonder—Just Listen

Sir: Describing Bach's music as "... a prayer to God in sound" [Dec. 27] is perfect. However much his music feeds the temporal hungers with which man seems created, "the fifth evangelist" never ceased striving to unite others with himself in ascribing everything to the praise of God. Such a fine article as this can only whet the appetites of those still unacquainted with the glorious sounds this man left for us to enjoy. One must only permit himself the indulgence of an exposure to these sounds. Often, the best way to listen to Bach is simply to sit back, relax and let the music flood over you. Bach, I think, would not want anyone to wonder overmuch about the profundity of it all.

(THE REV.) WYMAN T. KURTZ

St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Hillsdale, Mich.

Sir: Bless you for putting Johann Sebastian on the cover. May I suggest him for Man of the Millennium.

MARGARET MUCKERMAN

St. Louis

Sir: The brilliant article on Johann Sebastian Bach certainly did the job of exposing a trend: the growing interest we teens are developing in classical music. Last year, at 16, after supersaturation with monotonous rock, I turned to the almost boundless region of the classics and found myself asking, "Tchaikovsky, where have you been all my life?"

BILL DEFELICE

Glassboro, N.J.

Another Version

Sir: In your article on J. P. Donleavy [Dec. 6] you printed this paragraph: "Donleavy wrote *The Ginger Man* in 1951,

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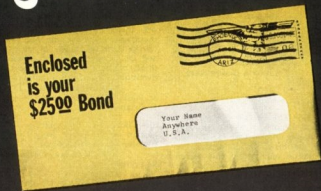
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but it was four years before he could find a publisher, Maurice Girodias of Paris' Olympia Press. Only too late did Donlevy discover that Girodias planned to make *Ginger Man* part of his notoriously pornographic *Traveler's Companion Series* (*Until She Screams, Houses of Joy*). Furious, Donlevy initiated a lawsuit against the publishers (it is still pending); he was convinced that his career was ruined forever, etc....

That may be Donlevy's version of the facts, but mine is appreciably different: 1) Donlevy never initiated a lawsuit against my firm; we were the ones who sued him, in London in 1956, when he sold the rights to *The Ginger Man* a second time, to a British firm, Neville Spearman Ltd. The case is still pending. 2) When Donlevy sold the French rights of his book to a Paris publisher, Editions du Seuil, we sued jointly Seuil and Donlevy before the French courts. We won our case in 1960, and our contract with Donlevy was found to be valid and binding. And seven years later, in 1967, Donlevy appealed against the French judgment (according to French law he had up to eight years to do so)—and that appeal is now also pending in Paris, independently from the London litigation. It must be noted that, also in 1967, a French version of *The Ginger Man* was released after Donlevy sold the French rights a second time, to another publisher (Les Lettres Nouvelles).

MAURICE GIRODIAS

Manhattan

Cutting the Mustard

Sir: As Canada's foremost menu printers, we were naturally interested in your article on verbose menus [Dec. 6]. I am sure it will provide restaurateurs here with food for thought.

We have gone one step further in trying to be novel and have designed menus for clients on every conceivable material: wood, leather, plastic, burlap, suede, velvet, etc. The most unique was a menu for a medical convention—printed on the back of a large mustard plaster.

JACK GOODSON
President

Hotel Printing Co.
Montreal

Sir: The most fascinating menu I ever encountered was in a restaurant in Des Moines, where the waiter handed you a View Master with a reel of eight appetizing color slides of the various specialties, so that you saw exactly what you were going to get.

PAUL W. GALICCO

Monaco

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 10, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 2

THE NATION

UPHEAVAL ON THE HILL

CONGRESS is a creature of custom whose membership, unlike that of the executive branch, alters only gradually over the decades. Abrupt reaction is as alien to Capitol Hill as to a three-toed sloth. Yet the divisions and defeats of the Democrats in 1968 were bound to make a heavy mark on the 91st Congress, which assembled last week as a Republican prepared to take over the White House. The Democratic Party, which has ruled Capitol Hill for most of the past 40 years, seemed not only to have lost its old suzerainty over labor, the South and the minority groups, but also to have estranged the young, educated and relatively well-to-do urban voters. The legacy of an unhappy year for the Democrats was a bruising awareness of the necessity—more tantalizingly, of the possibility—for change at the top.

Last week, as Senate Republicans chose a moderate new leader by electing Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott as minority whip, the young Turks of the Democratic Party joined in open revolt against their hierarchical chieftains. Rejecting the Eisenhower-Johnson concept of consensus, they demanded younger,

more aggressive leadership and distinctively Democratic programs to revivify the party's claim to national leadership in the years to come. At stake were many political fortunes, young and old, and the relationship that the predominantly Democratic 91st Congress will have with the Nixon Administration.

Crustacean Tradition. A figure whose very name embodies dissatisfaction with the old established order stood at the center of the party's upheaval. Senator Edward Moore Kennedy, the fourth and last of a legendary band of brothers, emerged from the quiescence of private grief to do what very few of his colleagues have ever dared to do. In defiance of all the crustacean traditions of the U.S. Senate, Massachusetts' Kennedy, with but six years' tenure, challenged and defeated Assistant Majority Leader Russell Long, who is 50 and has 20 years of service in the upper chamber. Ted Kennedy easily won the job of whip, the No. 2 party role in the Senate—next to Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—and a post whose power, limited as it is, he will probably use to the hilt.

In the House of Representatives, a

similar but unsuccessful revolt took place. There, Morris Udall, 46, a brilliant legal scholar and brother of outgoing Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, took on Boston's venerable John McCormack, 77, in a contest for the post of Speaker. Udall, who was entering first grade when McCormack took his seat in the House, also defied precedent: few Speakers in modern times have been threatened by a member of their own party, and none has ever been ousted. It was Udall's challenge to McCormack that inspired Kennedy's campaign against Long.

Udall lost; Kennedy won. But both challengers established beyond dispute that the lessons of 1968 have not been lost on substantial numbers of younger, activist members of the Democratic Party. Udall declared: "The House, if properly organized and led, can restore its influence and can again become the independent, constructive force it once was." Ted Kennedy agreed: "The Democratic majority of the Senate has an obligation to the country to present the best possible programs in keeping with our historic role as the party of progress and change in the U.S."



MANSFIELD CONGRATULATING KENNEDY ON VICTORY

The very name embodies dissatisfaction with the old established order.



UDALL AFTER DEFEAT

THE ASCENT OF TED KENNEDY

AT 36, Edward M. Kennedy became the youngest majority whip in the history of the U.S. Senate. By moving from a backbench to the cockpit of congressional power, the senior Senator from Massachusetts could now overtly exercise the influence that has hitherto been his primarily by virtue of legend, tragedy and guilt. He disavowed his election as a personal victory or as a steppingstone toward the presidency. "I view it," he said, "as expressing the sense of the Democratic Senators in favor of an aggressive and creative program in the upcoming Congress."

The loser was more candid—and more accurate—about the situation. "I don't think I could have been defeated by anyone else in the U.S. Senate," said Louisiana's Russell Long. "And my guess is that I would have taken any other opponent by about a 2-to-1 margin." That point scored, he continued with a less gracious observation: "This happens to have been a race where it was a nationwide proposition, and while I had Senator Kennedy outgunned in the United States Senate, he had me outgunned in the United States."

Long was simply outgunned by a more contemporary and compelling dynasty than his own. His father, Kingfish Huey, is a remote and unappealing legend to most Americans today. The Longs have always been parochial, mercenary politicians. Nonetheless, Russell after long tenure had become chairman of the powerful Finance Committee and a card-carrying Bourbon of the Upper House, ranking third in the Senate hierarchy. Kennedy has had just six years in office, heads no committee. He ranks 23rd in seniority in the Senate.

A Personal Victory

Ted Kennedy is considerably more than a legatee. He had the political acumen to realize that an opportunity existed to make a quantum jump in Senate status. He recognized first the changing mood of the Democrats in the Senate, who strongly felt the urge for new leadership. He saw that Russell Long, who has had many problems and has been none too popular with his colleagues, was ripe for picking. Finally, sizing up the situation, he had the courage—or the gall—to make the challenge. Challenge is a family tradition with the Kennedys. On the other hand, Maine's Edmund Muskie, fresh from good reviews as the Democratic vice-presidential candidate, saw the same opportunity but decided not to take the risk of losing the battle. Muskie had another consideration—his need to travel freely for purposes of self-advertisement. But to all appearances, Ted Kennedy had outflanked one of his major potential rivals for a 1972 presidential race.

In political terms, Kennedy's victory was a very personal triumph. Whatever he accomplishes for the party and the Senate, his already lustrous presidential

prospects are clearly enhanced. His new power makes him heir to the majority leadership of the Senate and gives him ample justification for maneuver that his previous rank and name could hardly supply.

Ted Kennedy carried off his coup so neatly that it appeared to be the product of Machiavellian planning and minute organization, hallmarks of all Kennedy campaigns. He has, however, the capacity to operate spontaneously. He decided late to make the race, announced his candidacy just four days before the secret ballot in the party's caucus, and then moved with astonishing speed. Yet the process that got him to the point of decision was long and agonizing.

While Jack and then Bobby Kennedy were the senior partners of the combine, Ted was able to grow to political maturity at his own pace. He largely overcame the princeling syndrome that plagued him at the beginning of his Senate career. It was most pungently expressed in 1962, during his campaign for the unexpired portion of John Kennedy's Senate term, when he debated his opponent in the Democratic primary on TV. Edward McCormack, state attorney general of Massachusetts and nephew of House Speaker John McCormack, rasped: "If your name was simply Edward Moore instead of Edward Moore Kennedy, your candidacy would be a joke."

That may have been true, but the voters smiled indulgently. Although he had achieved the constitutional age requirement of 30 just months before, Ted easily won nomination and election to Brother John's old seat. His credentials were a football build (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.), the handsomest face in the family, his father's money and his brother's name. Only later would he come into his own.

It soon became clear that he had an-

WALTER BURNETT



LONG
"Outgunned in the United States."

McCORMACK
Concessions to the Turks.

Though Udall was overwhelmingly defeated by McCormack's supporters, his move helped wrest from the incumbent Democratic leadership in the House an agreement to allow all party members to sit in on monthly policy meetings, thus assuring that the voice of the activists will continue to be heard. Another concession to Udall's rebellion: committee appointments will henceforth be subject to approval by a caucus of all House Democrats instead of being dictated by a tight coterie of congressional elders. Udall and his hardy backers—only 58 of 435 House members—did their careers no damage, and may well have assured a more responsive leadership for the future.

Another Beacon. There were no shadings of this sort to Ted Kennedy's victory. He won a clear mandate from his colleagues to lead his party's moderates in the task of preserving and expanding the urban-oriented programs of the Great Society. As a longtime critic of Viet Nam, he showed that a majority of the Senate Democrats may now very well be antiwar. As a member of the Democratic hierarchy, he will have considerable influence on the legislation that Richard Nixon offers to Congress, and on the countervailing programs that the Democrats can now only propose from Capitol Hill. He also marked out a unique redoubt from which to pursue any presidential ambitions that he may entertain in 1972 or 1976—or thereafter.

There was also a kind of poetic symbolism in Ted Kennedy's first real foray into national politics. It was Jack Kennedy's assassination that brought Lyndon Johnson to power. Bobby Kennedy's energetic campaign helped persuade many restive Americans that the old order might, after all, be redeemable. In the dying days of a Democratic Administration, the last of the clan rekindled a beacon of courage and change—one that should certainly brighten his party and the Senate and may yet achieve the full promise of a haunted dynasty.

other important asset: a dearth of enemies. The fourth Kennedy brother and the youngest of the nine-member brood reared by Joe and Rose, Teddy, as he was universally called then, lacked the sophistication and intellectual edge of John. He did not show Robert's intense, grating drive and zeal. "He has," said his father, "the affability of an Irish cop." More perceptively, Rose Kennedy observed: "He's very ambitious, and naturally he wants to do what the other boys did."

There was plenty of ambition and nerve, seemingly no sharp edges or animosities. For the kid brother of the President and the Attorney General, the boy Senator and occasional target of decision, these qualities were valuable. Soon after taking office, Ted Kennedy said, with self-deprecating humor that only the really assured can command: "I was down at the White House this afternoon with some suggestions for the State of the Union address. But all I got from him was, 'Are you still using that greasy kid stuff?'"

Diffident Freshman

If the Senate expected a spoiled parvenu, it found instead a diligent, diffident, intelligent freshman who avoided publicity as well as a Kennedy could, and concentrated on the business of his committees and his state. While an undergraduate at Harvard, Ted had once been suspended for having another student take a Spanish exam for him. As a Senator, he has never been caught

with homework undone. He made courtesy calls on his elders, including those with whom he completely disagreed. When Mississippi's James Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of which Kennedy was a member, entertained him in an early-morning interview with a stiff shot of bourbon, the guest smiled and accepted. The moment Eastland's eye was elsewhere, he emptied his glass into a wastebasket. Kennedy was soon a subcommittee chairman. He made his way. "Teddy" gradually gave way to "Ted."

Comfort vanished with "the events of June," as Ted refers to his brother Robert's assassination last year. The surviving Kennedy became the immediate target of conflicting pressures—to save the Democratic ticket by running for Vice President, to save his brother's

cause by running for President. He ruled out the second spot. Although there was some talk of a draft for the presidential nomination, and although Eugene McCarthy offered Kennedy his delegates during the convention, there was no assurance that Ted could get the nomination, and no certainty in his own mind that he should try for it. In any event, he decided to give a firm no to any attempts to draft him. The opportunity passed.

Family Responsibilities

During the summer and much of the fall, Kennedy was in a kind of hibernation as a public man. The murder had shattered him. He wept in the company of others and alone. Even Ethel seemed to bear up better than he. He spent much time sailing alone, or with a few intimates, or with some of the Kennedy children, often lying on his sloop and staring at the sky. One of the first times that he attempted to return to his suite in the Senate Office Building, he found himself unable to enter, unable to face his staff or the reminders of his brother. He drove home.

The rest of Ted Kennedy's days were devoted to family affairs. He had become the custodian of the family archives. The John F. Kennedy Library project needed attention. Ted joined in setting up a \$10 million social-action foundation in Robert's memory. He was responsible for his own, Robert's and John's children, 15 in all (Ethel's latest made it 16, but Jacqueline's marriage

EMK
1972

The Vote: A Personal Matter

THE distinction could not have been more clear-cut: a young Northern liberal pitted against a middle-aged Southern conservative. Yet in the Senate leadership contest between Ted Kennedy and Russell Long, a number of members marked their secret ballots not on the basis of ideology or regional interest, but according to their personal ambitions, alliances, or animosities. Some notable deviations from the customary bloc pattern:

For Long

- ▶ Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, a liberal on most issues, nominated Long. Anderson sits on the Senate Finance Committee, which handles tax legislation and is chaired by Long. At 73, Anderson had little to gain by a Kennedy victory and was loath to risk his chairman's displeasure.
- ▶ Thomas Dodd of Connecticut usually votes with liberals on domestic issues, and was part of the solid New England support John Kennedy built up in 1960. However, Dodd felt he owed Long total loyalty. Long was the only Senator who championed him in 1967 against charges of misusing campaign funds and was one of only five to vote against his censure; Kennedy cast one of the 92 damning votes.
- ▶ Vance Hartke of Indiana left the moderate fold for Long, a fellow friend of oil interests.
- ▶ Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, the peace candidate of 1968, joined the hawks to vote for Long. As a Finance Committee member, he shares some of Long's more conservative economic views. Moreover, McCarthy has feuded for years with all the Kennedys. Reminded that after last summer's Democratic Convention, he had said that he would vote for Ted on a presidential ballot, McCarthy was reportedly asked: "How is it that you can vote for him as Pope but not as pastor?" Replied McCarthy: "I can think

of a lot of people I would like to see as Pope but would not like to see as my pastor."

- ▶ Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, a political and personal friend of Kennedy's, traveled to Boston only last month to attend a Kennedy fund-raising dinner. He voted for Long. Nelson, fearing he was in trouble during his re-election bid in November, reportedly sought and received Long's help.

For Kennedy

- ▶ Stuart Symington of Missouri, a longtime colleague of Long's and not a particularly close Kennedy friend after John upset his presidential bid in 1960, nonetheless voted for Ted. Like several other grey eminences in the Senate Establishment—most notably, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—Symington evidently decided that Kennedy could provide Senate Democrats with more effective leadership.
- ▶ Albert Gore of Tennessee, another Finance Committee member, voted for Kennedy against committee authority and regional instinct. Gore, a liberal, faces a tough fight for re-election two years hence in a Border State, where Kennedys have appeal. He probably would like Ted's help.
- ▶ Ralph Yarborough of Texas broke ranks with most Southerners to support Kennedy. Though oil money is a major factor in Texas politics also, Yarborough is 65, independent, and about as liberal as a Texas politician can wisely be.
- ▶ Fred Harris of Oklahoma, at 38 one of the Senate's most vigorous and vocal Young Turks, was co-chairman of Hubert Humphrey's election campaign and in private expressed criticism of Robert Kennedy's candidacy. Moreover, he comes from a state where oil is puissant, and was pressured by at least six petroleum companies to support their friend Long. In apparent agreement with Kennedy's advocacy of youthful, activist leadership, he voted for Ted.

gave John and Caroline a stepfather). Two of Robert's sons were having prep school problems that needed attention. Ted arranged summer trips abroad for the two oldest boys, escorting one of them to Spain. While Ethel Kennedy was hospitalized, he kept a paternal watch over her brood.

When he appeared in Washington in September, a reporter who had long known Ted found him visibly older, somewhat slow of step, the grey flecks at his temples more apparent. His waist has begun to thicken. He still wears a brace as a result of the broken back suffered in a 1964 plane crash. His future? "I'm just feeling my way," he said then, "day by day." He did some limited campaigning for Hubert Humphrey. He starred at a couple of fund-raisers to offset the \$3.5 million deficit left from Robert's presidential primary campaign. Gradually his humor and sprightliness returned. But in front of the fireplace in his new home in Virginia, into which he moved with his wife Joan and their three children last March, he appeared distant and dreamy when the subject of his future came up. Frequently, the talk centered on the Senate and his role in it. He was generally pleased with his performance so far, he told one friend. But: "I want to establish more of a record." In the wake of Humphrey's defeat, the inevitable White House talk came to haunt him. Repeatedly, he had to say: "I have no timetable."

Timetables are, of course, frequently made by others. No speculation about 1972 omits Kennedy's name. Almost any political act on his part can be interpreted as self-aggrandizement. When two young Manhattan career girls started Help Organize People Early and sent out thousands of Ted-boosting buttons, he disowned their effort. Still, he has not repudiated family tradition—and apparently cannot. It is hard under the circumstances to forget J.F.K.'s remark, delivered somewhat humorously: "I came into politics in my brother Joe's place. If anything happens to me, Bobby will take my place, and if Bobby goes, we have Teddy coming along."

Rocking the Boat

No Kennedy brother could conceivably remove himself from national politics and presidential speculation. Ted had no intention of renouncing public life. By December, he was ready to return to his career. By then, he was also eager to discuss the 91st Congress and his role in it. "This was the first interlude," he said later, "I had been so involved with the memorial and with the fund-raising dinners. But obviously it was time to begin thinking about next year." It was also time, as one aide put it, "for him to become more than just the 'nice' Kennedy."

Who would speak for the party in the Senate? If no one violated the unwritten rule—"Rock not the boat, lest the boat be rocked when you have

hold of the tiller"), the Senate Democratic leadership would consist of well-liked, if rather bland Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and three conservatives: Long, Georgia's Richard Russell, who was to be named president pro tempore, and West Virginia's Robert Byrd, who was to be retained as chairman of the Democratic Conference. Of the four, only Long was vulnerable.

Red of face, bulbous of nose, chunky of build, erratic in behavior, Long in his four years as majority whip had virtually abdicated his responsibilities in the job. He left the routine work to Mansfield, Byrd and others, and sometimes even worked at cross purposes with Mansfield. In the last Congress he tied up the Senate for six weeks while vainly fighting for his pet bill on campaign financing. When he decided to defend Connecticut's Thomas Dodd against charges of improper use of campaign funds, Long's strident, stubborn advocacy produced almost as much embarrassment for the Senate as did Dodd's activities. A hawk on Viet Nam, Long has also consistently and rigidly opposed civil rights legislation. While fancying himself something of a Populist in his father's tradition, he has generally been against urban-oriented social-welfare programs and tax reform.

Making the Decision

Long had considerable strength. Many Senators—and many of their constituents and campaign contributors—have vital stakes in the Finance Committee's power over tax legislation. Long also had on his side the tradition of deference to seniority. Theoretically, at least, it would have been easier for a Senator older than Kennedy to make the challenge. Muskie had seemed a logical choice and Kennedy was prepared to back him. But as Kennedy began a Christmas vacation with his family that took them first to Florida and then to Sun Valley, Idaho, the word got out that Muskie had decided not to compete with Long. From Sun Valley, Kennedy telephoned Muskie to be certain of his position. "If you're absolutely sure you won't run," said Kennedy, "maybe I will." Replied Muskie: "Do. I urge you to." During the next couple of days, Kennedy conferred with aides and like-minded Senate colleagues. Among them: Joseph Tydings of Maryland, Birch Bayh of Indiana, Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington, and Bob Kennedy's old friend and supporter, George McGovern of South Dakota.

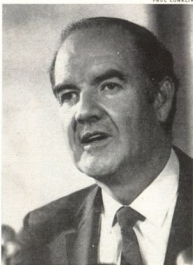
Several of those he consulted reacted negatively. "Why?" some asked him. "Are you sure this is something you want?" Others expressed doubt that the fight was worthwhile, or that it could be won. Kennedy's standard comeback: "Why not?" No one gave what he considered a valid reason for hanging back. Indeed, the more Senators he talked to, the more he became convinced he could win. He already had Muskie's support. Hubert Humphrey,



MUSKIE



MCCARTHY



McGOVERN

Congress is the fortress.

though lacking a vote, was willing to lend his name to the effort. New Hampshire's Thomas McIntyre also joined up. Mansfield, who had every practical reason for wanting to be rid of Long, could not commit himself publicly, but did nothing to discourage Kennedy when informed of his plans.

Despite the encouragement, it was not until Sunday, Dec. 29, just five days before the vote, that Kennedy made the final decision to go ahead. And it was not until the next day that he publicly announced his decision. By now he was reaching beyond his circle of Senate friends and those he could expect to be sympathetic. "There was no time to write letters," he says. "There was no time for personal contacts. The telephone is not very satisfactory, but it was the only way."

Working His Own Way

Kennedy could not reach all 57 Senate Democrats during the holiday period. But he got to most of them, and summarized his appeal this way: "My argument was pretty much the same to each. It was that I felt the job of majority whip was important, that it could be effective, that although the job was not clearly defined, I would try if I won it to make it important to the nation, the Senate and the party." He reminded his colleagues that during Humphrey's tenure as whip, from 1961 through 1964, the Minnesota had invested the post with dignity and stature; that he had used it to promote the passage of major legislation. "Most liberals," said Kennedy, "felt it important that someone in the leadership should be sensitive to the things they felt strongly about."

Kennedy worked virtually alone as

his own campaign manager and advocate. "I suppose some other calls were made," he conceded, "but the people who made them did so on their own." Long, meanwhile, was fighting back with his own appeals. He got important help from lobbyists for the oil industry, which is deeply indebted to Long for his perennial defense of the oil-depletion allowance.

Probably the biggest surprise of the contest was Eugene McCarthy's decision. When he met Kennedy in Washington before the vote, erstwhile Peace Candidate McCarthy explained his decision to support Long, a Viet Nam hawk who has fulsomely praised the police force that battered McCarthy's kids in the Chicago disorders. "I don't know," said McCarthy. "I haven't got anything against Russell Long. I don't see any reason to strike out against him over something this unimportant."

The Minnesotan added the somewhat casuistic argument that a victory for Kennedy would appear to be a reform move while not actually guaranteeing change—and thus that the liberal cause might be hurt in the long run. Those who tried to fathom McCarthy's motives recalled his longtime animosity toward the Kennedys. On the other hand, he had offered Ted his delegates in Chicago. McCarthy is a member of Long's Finance Committee, and Long is the type who punishes his enemies and rewards his friends, with equal vehemence. Yet at least four other members of Long's committee went with Kennedy. As usual, with McCarthy, his meaning and motives remained private.

It turned out that McCarthy's vote was unnecessary. Long and his allies had gone into the caucus outwardly confident of victory. Less generous critics

of Long delightedly pictured the Louisianan's mental tortures as he sought to divine which colleagues who had promised to support him actually voted for Kennedy in the secret ballot. Though the votes of many Senators became known through one means or another (see box page 14), some insisted on trying for absolute privacy. Said Montana's Lee Metcalf: "I will know and God will know how I vote. But I will try to keep the man on my left and right in the caucus from knowing."

The New Job

Exactly what had Kennedy won? The post of whip,* after all, usually carries with it more drudgery than drama. As a factotum and deputy of the majority leader, the whip must help keep routine business flowing. He must also try to maintain party discipline on key issues, which is frequently a futile mission among independent-minded Senators and committee chairmen who are in some cases more powerful than the nominal party leaders. Once party policy on a given issue is established, the whip should defend it. He must serve as a link between the leadership and the rank and file. If he is to live up to this charter, he must sacrifice a measure of political independence and physical mobility.

The post offers unique advantages to Kennedy during the next few years. With the Republicans in control of the White House and all the big-state governorships except Texas, Congress becomes the Democrats' principal sounding board and fortress. In opposition to the White House but in firm control of Capitol Hill, the congressional Democrats thus have wider responsibility and opportunity to assert themselves than they have had with a Democratic President insistent on passing his own legislative program.

If there is to be any Democratic program in the following four years, it must come from Congress. As No. 2 man on the majority side and a member of the steering committee, Ted Kennedy will have a major role in formulating policy. Majority Leader Mansfield, a former college professor from Montana, has never been an aggressive legislative leader and, at 65, he has no aspiration for higher elective office. Thus Kennedy, his heir apparent, should have ample opportunity to show his mettle.

Moreover, as assistant majority leader, Kennedy will be able to speak out on any important issue before the Congress, free of the accusation that he is merely promoting his presidential prospects. It will be his responsibility to be



WITH J.F.K. & R.F.K. IN 1958
"Teddy" gradually gave way to "Ted."

* Originally an English parliamentary usage deriving from the fox-hunting functionary who controls the movement of the hounds and is called the whipper-in. In the House of Commons the majority chief whip enjoys an extremely close relationship with the Prime Minister. The chief whip is also frequently the party official in charge of patronage. Edward Heath used this post under Harold Macmillan as a steppingstone to the Tory leadership.



AT HARVARD IN 1955



RECOVERING FROM BROKEN BACK

Of ambition and nerve there was plenty, of sharp edges and animosities seemingly none.



WITH WIFE JOAN AFTER CAUCUS

a vigorous advocate. If, at the same time, he broadens his national reputation and following, that will be only in the line of duty. The fact that he will be more firmly anchored to the Senate floor than he would as an ordinary Senator scarcely hobbles his prospects for 1972. As a Kennedy, he does not have to travel for years to make political contacts or popularize his name.

The Only Senate Man

Nor does Ted face any handicaps of temperament. "Of all the Kennedys," Mansfield said after the vote, "the Senator is the only one who was and is a real Senate man." Neither J.F.K. nor R.F.K. could have won a legislative leadership post, and it is doubtful that either would have even tried. They were too restless, too impatient with Senate protocol, too determined in their bigger ambitions.

Ted Kennedy, on the other hand, has always seemed at home in the Senate. He has shown an unusual capacity for combining independence of action with respect for his elders. Whether making a losing fight for draft reform or leading a successful floor revolt against an important House bill on redistricting, a measure that carried the blessing of a House-Senate conference committee, Kennedy was always sufficiently tactful to make a minimum of enemies. He worked hard and effectively to increase aid to South Vietnamese refugees. He was a leader in liberalizing the basic U.S. immigration law. In 1965 he blundered badly by pushing a minor Kennedy crony for a federal judgeship, but when his error became apparent even to him, he saved the Senate the embarrassment of voting on the nomination by asking the White House to shelve it.

As it was, his campaign to depose Long could not have failed to advance his fortunes. Defeat would have cost Kennedy nothing within the Senate because the fight was brief and relatively free of rancor. Nationally, defeat could have still benefited Kennedy within the

moderate-to-liberal constituency that is his natural home. Regardless of the outcome, challenge to a Senate autocrat could only be regarded as a sign of courage. To those who came out of 1968 itching for political reform, Kennedy demonstrated the will to achieve it.

In response to the renewed White House talk that followed his victory, Kennedy made all the noises of ritualistic non-candidacy. "I want to give my full attention to the Senate," he told a TIME correspondent. "You go on, and you see what happens. I am not planning four years or eight years or twelve years in the future. I am planning to serve my party and my country now, to the best of my ability, in the United States Senate."

Of course. But how he serves there, and how the Democratic majority fares, can have important effects on both his own and his party's prospects. There will probably be no shortage of tests. Senate Democrats from the center leftward will be pushing for many of the domestic proposals emphasized in the party platform, notably antipoverty efforts, aid to education, health programs and other goals ringed with dollar signs. Lyndon Johnson's budget for fiscal 1970 is expected to include a \$1.5 billion increase in education aid. Some of the liberals want much more; many conservatives will fight for much less. What to do about the Office of Economic Opportunity, which many Republicans would like to dismantle, is another certain subject of conflict.

The overall Johnson budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 will total about \$192 billion, up \$7.6 billion over the current year. This presumes a halving of the income tax surcharge to 5%, a proposal that Richard Nixon is understood to have accepted, if somewhat reluctantly. This would allow for funding urban programs at roughly their current levels—again dissatisfying to both liberals and conservatives. It would, however, permit an increase in the military budget of \$4.9 billion (to \$78.5 bil-

lion), which is less than the service chiefs and their partisans on Capitol Hill want. House Armed Services Chairman Mendel Rivers insists that defense spending will have to go up by still another few billion. On the first day of the new Congress, he introduced a \$3.8 billion bill that in effect would begin construction of a new Navy. The amount is nearly triple the funds available for shipbuilding this year.

Large Promises

The Senate must still consider—and will probably approve—the nuclear non-proliferation treaty. But foreign aid and trade agreements may lead to sulfurous squabbles. The aid program seems destined to be squeezed down still further, and protectionists will again be seeking assistance for some domestic industries. There is also a resolution pending in the Senate that would demand congressional approval before the President commits U.S. forces overseas. On the troop issue, Kennedy reflects an executive rather than a legislative viewpoint, observing that such infringements on presidential powers get into "dangerous waters." But he would like to see the Senate at least express itself more freely on foreign affairs.

On most other predictable questions, Kennedy can be expected generally to defend the established liberal viewpoint. His specific ideas remain for the moment as uncertain as Nixon's. Nevertheless, Ted Kennedy has made large promises that go beyond the technical confines of his new post. He has pledged to promote an independent Democratic program. He vows that the Senate "must be made responsive to the demand of the people for institutions that are more relevant." How close he comes to fulfilling these self-imposed demands will be an absorbing subject not only for his fellow legislators and the new President, but above all for millions of Americans who are fascinated by the indomitable Kennedy legend and its latest inheritor.

Back to the Fold

Debonair as ever, trading jokes with old acquaintances, the familiar figure hovered at the edge of the floor when the House convened last week. Despite his jaunty air, Adam Clayton Powell betrayed some of the nervousness of a dispossessed relative at a family reunion as his sometime colleagues took the oath of office from venerable House Speaker John McCormack.

A veteran of 22 years in Congress, Powell was banished in 1967 on charges that he misused some \$40,000 of public funds. Now he had returned from exile. Re-elected by his faithful Harlem constituency six weeks after his expulsion, and re-elected again in November, the wayward sheep was back from his retreat on the Caribbean isle of Bimini, ready and anxious to rejoin the fold. For five hours, the House debated the issue of reseating Powell, airing in the process nearly all his public and private transgressions. Then its members

But we've seated all kinds in the 180-year history of this chamber. Don't close the door again on the 500,000 people of the 18th District of New York. Don't further divide this country." For 22 months, Powell's largely black constituency—actually, 431,330 people in the 1960 census—had been without representation in the House, and refusal to seat him could have heightened racial tensions.

Fine for Sins. When the House unseated Powell in 1967, it deposed him as chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor, stripping him of all the perquisites that the post confers. In restoring him to Congress last week, the House deprived him of his seniority and meted out a \$25,000 fine for his past sins as the price of forgiveness.* (He has already forfeited \$55,000 in congressional pay.) The resolution gave him until Jan. 15 to decide whether to accept the terms.

Powell accepted the conditions instantly but threatened to challenge the fine in court. He was not unprepared for the result. Claiming quarters in the marbled Rayburn House Office Building five days before the vote, he ordered them redecorated. Sounding quite like the old Adam, he said happily of his new office: "It's identical to the one I had before. Only this is bigger, and I have a garbage disposal."

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION No. 2 Men

Wisconsin's Melvin Laird, the incoming Secretary of Defense, knows the Pentagon well. For 14 of his 16 years in the House, he served on the appropriations subcommittee handling military spending, and he has shown familiarity with national-security issues as a frequent critic of Democratic defense policies. The chink in Laird's armor is his lack of administrative experience, and last week he moved to close it with an impressive appointment. As his Deputy Secretary of Defense, No. 2 man in the Government's biggest department (\$80 billion a year, a military and civilian personnel of 4,500,000), he picked one of the nation's most unusual and successful businessmen: Centimillionaire David Packard, 56, board chairman of California's prosperous Hewlett-Packard Co.

Packard and William Hewlett, a Stanford classmate ('34), started the electronics company in a Palo Alto garage in 1939 with a \$600 stake. Their first sale of any consequence was to Walt Disney, who bought nine audio oscillators to help create the sound effect for *Fantasia*. With Hewlett as the original engineering brains and Packard as a fiercely dynamic manager, the company has



PACKARD

Anything but a stereotype.

become the world's largest maker of electronic measuring devices. In the post-war era of computers, television and solid-state circuitry, its sales have grown to \$269 million annually. It is a rare U.S. TV repair shop that does not use Hewlett-Packard equipment to detect picture-tube defects.

Student Target. Three years ago, Packard began a series of company commitments to better the lot of underskilled blacks and Mexican-Americans. He started training programs for the hard-core unemployed and used Hewlett-Packard resources to help set up East Palo Alto Electronics, owned and run by blacks. A Stanford trustee since 1954, he has been a target of student protest because of Hewlett-Packard's defense contracts and his seat on the board of General Dynamics. To many dissidents he seemed the personification of the military-industrial complex. Yet



POWELL AFTER BEING SWORN IN
Private ire but public charity.

voted 251 to 160 to let Powell take his seat. From the rear of the chamber, where he had been waiting during the debate, Powell strode forward to take the oath from John McCormack.

His chief champion in the debate was his erstwhile inquisitor, Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and head of the special investigatory body that aired Powell's linen two years ago. "Any additional punishment would be vindictive," cried Celler. "It would be Draconian." He challenged the House: "He who is without sin in this chamber, let him cast the first stone. Judge not lest you be judged—particularly with reference to dear ones on the payroll." That capacious euphemism stirred many of Celler's colleagues to private ire but public charity.

More bluntly, Arizona's Morris Udall, the lopsided loser the day before in his fight to win the speakership from McCormack, declared: "Adam Clayton Powell isn't my idea of a Congressman.



RICHARDSON

Equipment is what matters.

* To be paid in \$1,150 monthly installments during his two-year term, leaving Powell \$1,350 a month before taxes from his \$30,000-a-year congressional salary.

during a campus sit-in last May, he was the only high-level university official who talked to the protesters.

"You have made a great deal of progress in getting power and influencing how the university is run," he told the Stanford students. "But," Packard warned, "if you get in a confrontation, you'll lose all this and the university will lose too." As he left, one sit-in leader observed: "I don't believe it. There's a guy we've been cursing for twelve months, and when he shows up in person everyone sits in stunned silence." Last summer, Packard hired Phil Taubman, a Stanford Daily editor and TIME campus correspondent, as "radical in residence," with free rein to look into any aspects of Hewlett-Packard's operations he chose. "The type of job reflects Packard's style," Taubman reports. "I now have a less stereotyped image of the business world. But I still see business as a barely enlightened force for creative change in American society."

Impossible Problem. The size of Packard's stake in a company that does more than a third of its business (\$100 million last year) with the Government and Government contractors will raise questions when he comes before the Senate Armed Services Committee for hearings on confirmation to his \$30,000-a-year post. He will be the richest man to join the Government since Nelson Rockefeller served as Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration. However, Rockefeller's investments were widely diversified. The holdings of Packard and his wife consist almost entirely of 3,610,700 shares of his own company—a 29% interest in Hewlett-Packard that was worth \$299,688,100 at last week's stock-market closing.*

"When I considered this matter," said Packard last week, "my first response was that I have an impossible conflict-of-interest problem." He may still be right. Because his holdings in Hewlett-Packard are so large, he cannot unload them without drastically affecting the market price of the stock. He also argues that the voting rights to his large block of stock must remain with Hewlett-Packard management and not go to strangers. For Hewlett-Packard to stop doing business with the Government while Packard is in Washington, he says, would be "unrealistic."

Therefore, he proposes to put his stock into a short-term trust managed by members of the Hewlett-Packard board, with dividends and any capital gains going to charity. Eventually, Packard will get the stock back. Because of that, his proposed arrangement seems to violate the rule-of-thumb laid down for incoming Cabinet officers by John Ehrlichman, who will be a White House

counsel in the Nixon Administration. Says Ehrlichman: "We don't want any whiff of a question. They've got to put their assets out of their control and even out of their knowledge."

In Manhattan last weekend, President-elect Nixon named a fresh face and a familiar one to top posts at the State Department under Secretary-designate William Rogers. Massachusetts Attorney General Elliot Richardson, 48, who was briefly Acting Secretary of HEW in the Eisenhower Cabinet when Rogers was Attorney General, will be Under Secretary of State. He comes from an old Boston investment-banking family, and his second cousin, Francis Sargent, will succeed John Volpe as Governor when Volpe resigns to become Nixon's Secretary of Transportation. Richardson has been president of Boston's World Af-

ARMED FORCES

Heroes or Survivors?

The 82 crewmen of U.S.S. *Pueblo* were officially welcomed as heroes when they came home after eleven months as captives of Communist North Korea. At the same time, the Navy warned them that they would have to face a court of inquiry. Five admirals were named to investigate the surrender of the electronic spy ship and its crew's conduct in prison, where they signed much-publicized "confessions" to crimes against North Korea's sovereignty.

Could not *Pueblo*'s crew have defended or at least scuttled their ship to keep its secrets out of Communist hands? The question bothered Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, the influential outgoing chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Finally last week,



"PUEBLO" CREWMEN LAW & HAYES IN SAN DIEGO
One day Big Brother, next day The Bear.

fairs Council but, like Rogers, is without direct experience of foreign policymaking. "What matters," he says, "is that one is equipped by education and experience for making tough decisions."

The professional expertise in State's top echelons will come from Career Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, 60, who is currently serving in Tokyo. In 33 years as a foreign-service officer, Johnson has also been assigned to Korea, China, Manchuria, Brazil, the Philippines, Czechoslovakia, Thailand and Viet Nam. He will be the No. 3 man, Under Secretary for Political Affairs. Johnson's appointment was particularly popular with career foreign-service officers, whose Foreign Service Association recently recommended that the No. 3 job go to a professional diplomat. Nixon also announced that he would ask Ellsworth Bunker, 74, the U.S. Ambassador in Saigon, to stay on in South Viet Nam for the time being.

he raised the doubts that have bothered many Americans. "It is a very sad and tragic affair," he said. "We presented the Russians with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of research in communications." Russell said that he wanted to see the orders issued to *Pueblo*'s skipper, Commander Lloyd M. Bucher. "These men are being hailed as heroes," he added. "They are heroes in the sense that they survived the imprisonment. But they did sign a great many statements that did not reflect any great heroism in my mind. I'll have to investigate further to see just what hero-type things they performed."

Terror and Torture. The Navy was saving the *Pueblo*'s story for the court, which is expected to convene at Coronado, Calif., later this month, and it ordered the crew to say nothing. Meanwhile, it awarded ten Purple Hearts to crewmen wounded in the high-seas hijacking. Last week, too, after Secretary

* Eisenhower's first Defense Secretary Charles Wilson sold \$2.5 million worth of General Motors stock before taking office in 1953. A successor, Robert McNamara, also an automobile-company president, was compelled to sell \$1.5 million in Ford stock in 1960.

of Defense Clark Clifford demanded an investigation of the ugly tales of beatings inflicted on the *Pueblo's* men, the Navy permitted two sailors to give a public accounting of terror and torture as prisoners of North Korea.

"I was beaten with a two-by-two that was about four feet long," said Quartermaster First Class Charles Benton Law Jr., 27. "I was in a kneeling position on a deck in front of this desk. The guard was striking me across the shoulders and back with it. This stick broke in half on one of the blows, and he kept on using the two halves he had until it ended up in four pieces. So he left and came back with a piece of four-by-four. I assumed the same position, kneeling on the deck, and received a few blows on the shoulders and back." Law was then kicked, punched and cuffed by his guards. Altogether, he estimated, he was hit 250 times or more. "I didn't bother to count them all."

Few Psychic Bruises. Radioman Second Class Lee Roy Hayes, a gaunt 26-year-old, admitted that "I was not beat as bad as many." Nevertheless, X rays taken in San Diego showed that his jaw had been broken. One of the chief tormentors was a North Korean colonel nicknamed "The Bear," who worked over Hayes and the rest of the crew. "One day they treat you nice, and they are your big brothers," Hayes explained. "The next day, for no reason, it would be the opposite. Everyone was kept in terror, waiting to be beat. That was the worst part—there was nothing you could do but sit there and wait."

The crew came through their ordeal with surprisingly few psychic bruises. "They were trying to create doubts in our minds about our country and about our religion," says Hayes. Law was assured that the American people had forgotten *Pueblo*. When the freed crewmen were granted a brief New Year liberty from questioning by intelligence officers, only Bucher was restricted to a San Diego Naval hospital room, recuperating from nervous and physical exhaustion.

Happier Than Hell. Law was beaten on Dec. 12, only eleven days before the crew's release, when the Communists discovered they had been outwitted by their prisoners. When a North Korean photographer snapped eight grinning sailors last October, nobody noticed that three of the captives were wiggling an internationally recognized signal of obscenity with their middle fingers.

Unknown Communist functionaries used the picture to advertise the home comforts of their jail. When a horse laugh heard around the world apprised them of their gaffe, the jailers turned on their hapless prisoners. Although all the men in the picture were tortured, they were elated by their feat. "About everybody in the crew was happier than hell," Law recounted, "because everybody could see what we were trying to do." Making fools of their captors and signaling their view of North Korea's crude propaganda had made the exercise worthwhile.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Welcome Home

You get knocked down day after day and you keep coming back, and you learn that you can't win all the time, but if you keep coming back, you might win at last.

That locker-room homily on football was delivered not by Knute Rockne or Alonzo Stagg, but by the next President of the U.S. Perhaps because it applies equally well to his political career, Richard Nixon has never lost interest in the sport that inspired it. He often garnishes his speeches with stories of his football days at Whittier College—he was not very good—and turns to the newspaper sports page right af-



NIXON WITH WHITTIER COACH
A night for reflection.

ter skimming the political columnists. After one campaign appearance in Miami, he relaxed by tossing a football around on the airport apron at 3 a.m. Last week—even though he was vacationing in Key Biscayne, just a few miles from the Orange Bowl—Nixon picked up stakes for a trip back to California and the Rose Bowl. He calls it "the prize game of all bowl games."

Tournament of Noses. The President-elect became an impassioned, if studiously neutral fan inside Pasadena's huge stadium, despite the fact that Pat Nixon is a graduate of the Pacific Eight champion, Southern Cal. He leaped to his feet when Heisman Trophy Winner O. J. Simpson took off on his 80-yard touchdown run and summoned with rapid gestures his own version of instant replay for the benefit of former Oklahoma Football Coach Bud Wilkinson, who sat on Nixon's right. A reporter inquired if Nixon was attending his first Rose Bowl game. "Oh no, I've seen several," he replied, recalling that the first

was in 1930, when Southern Cal beat Pittsburgh 35-0. "Pittsburgh just didn't have the horses."*

At half time, to demonstrate his impartiality, Nixon walked from Ohio State's side of the field to a seat in the Southern Cal stands, pausing to have his picture snapped with Comedian Bob Hope. The result, as New York's *Daily News* observed the next morning, was a "tournament of noses."

Next day Nixon helicoptered from his hotel to the clinic of Dr. John Lungen, a Long Beach internist who has traveled with his campaign party in every national race since 1952, to get his annual physical checkup. He was pronounced in "excellent condition," agreed to use the White House pool for occasional exercise, then toured a community-built hospital near by. He found a lesson there too. Many Americans, he said, think that they can escape rising medical costs by the "knee-jerk reaction" of asking the Federal Government to provide "some kind of a system of free medical care." Declared Nixon: "I don't want to see the Government become so overwhelming that it will suppress this sort of institution."

Desire to Compete. The finale in California was a "Welcome Home, Pat and Dick" party in half a dozen towns in the area where Nixon grew up. It was staged—inevitably—as a "This Is Your Life" show. The 9,000 rooters who packed Anaheim's convention center were treated to recollections of Nixon's youth by everyone from Speech Teacher H. Lynn Sheller, who told of the future President's "tremendous desire to succeed and to compete," to 92-year-old Ella Furnas, who was introduced as the first person to hold Nixon when he was born in Yorba Linda 56 years ago this week. Did he cry? Recalled Mrs. Furnas: "He just quivered."

It was a night, as Nixon later put it, for a man to reflect on "his neighbors, his friends, the people from whom he came." No one had much to say about his political career, though Toastmaster Art Linkletter, an old friend, observed: "I've known him since he was a young Congressman, and now look at him today. He's General Eisenhower's grandson's father-in-law."

The Actual Bench. However, Nixon's friends were not about to let him forget the lumps in his football record. First came Wallace J. "Chief" Newman, a full-blooded Shoshonean Indian who coached 155-lb. Tackle Nixon in 1933. Presenting Nixon with his first varsity letter, Newman explained: "The reason we waited so long was that we wanted him to get over his bruises." Then, to provide the proper setting for photographers, some 30 of Nixon's teammates carried out the "actual bench" on which the most successful second-stringer in Whittier's history sat out most games.

* Actually, the game to which Nixon referred was played in 1933. When Pitt and Southern Cal met at the Rose Bowl in 1930, the score was 47-14 in favor of U.S.C.

The Key Compound

It has no sewage system and poor telephone service. After a hurricane, the roughly paved streets are often under water for days. The architecture might best be described as "Florida nondescript." Yet Key Biscayne, only 15 minutes from Miami's garish strip, is fondly billed as an "island paradise" by its chamber of commerce—and in many ways it is.

The kids (and many adults) go barefoot, the primary hobby is beach-walking, and almost everyone seems to know everyone else. As a former resident puts it, life there is casual and tropical, "exactly what you'd think Florida should be." It is a middle-class dream of the place to go when the children are grown and retirement looms. For the next four years, Key Biscayne* will be President-elect Nixon's equivalent of the L.B.J. ranch or John Kennedy's Hyannisport compound.

Nixon has been vacationing in Key Biscayne off and on for more than 20

* The island is named after the bay, which many assume is simply a variation on the Bay of Biscay, between France and Spain. Another theory is that it is named after Don Pedro el Biscaino, onetime keeper of swans at the Spanish court, who lived on one of the islands in the bay.



NIXON WHITE HOUSE AT KEY BISCAINE*

Where to go when the children are grown and retirement looms.

years, although he had never owned property on the Key itself. While he does not say much about his reasons for liking the place, he has spoken in general terms about its nice weather and its informality. Perhaps the most important factor in his decision to settle there semi-permanently is his long friendship with Bachelor Financier C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, 57. Millionaire Rebozo's house is considered part of Nixon's new beachfront compound.

That compound was put together in a brief burst of home-buying just before Christmas. Nixon first purchased a three-bedroom, three-bath house for \$127,700, then bought an adjoining dwelling for a similar price from Senator George Smathers to create a three-house enclave. (Smathers, who introduced Nixon to Rebozo in the late '40s, says that he "didn't want to sell it but I wanted Nixon to come here, and it was a case of having to sell it or else he wouldn't have come.")

Easy Neighbors. Now workmen are planting a thick hibiscus hedge around the compound to protect residents from the eyes of the curious. Bay Lane, on which the three houses stand, is blocked off by a five-foot-high, tightly latticed redwood screen. (An island resident says that she "really thinks most of the people feel sorry that he now has to live the way he has to.") There are rumors that one of the other two houses on the bay side of Bay Lane is currently occupied by Secret Servicemen, who control all entry to the street. Mrs. Perry O'Neal, whose husband owns the fifth bayside house on Bay Lane, says that she is "delighted to have the Nixons as neighbors. We know them only slightly, and we don't bother them." Key Biscayners are used to notables. Among residents are Sportscenter Red Barber, Airticket Pioneer Grover Loening, N.Y. Yankee Official Larry MacPhail, Samuel C. Johnson, president of Johnson's Wax, Jack Paar and International Telephone and Telegraph President Harold S. Green. No longer on the scene is Candy Mossler, acquitted in 1966 of the mur-

der of her wealthy husband Jacques. For the most part, residents seem quietly pleased that Nixon has joined their group, but there are a few minority opinions. Told of the Nixon purchases, one resident sniffed: "Hmmp. There goes the neighborhood."

Before Nixon's arrival, Key Biscayne's major claim to fame was Crandon Park, a huge oceanfront expanse of beach and picnic facilities that takes up most of the Key's northern end. The residential area is in mid-island, and another, smaller park occupies the southern tip. About 5,000 people live on the key, and their incomes range from around \$10,000 to the six-figure bracket. There is an equally varied set of homes: unpretentious three-bedroom cottages sell for about \$20,000, but some large houses sell for more than \$300,000. There is a not-particularly-elegant yacht club, shopping centers and a restaurant or two, including Nixon's favorite, Jamaica Inn. The island's rapid development prompted Mrs. Muriel Curtis, president of the Key Biscayne Beach Club, to say that she feels that she "should have blown up the bridge 17 years ago, when we were all barefoot and happy."

Wasp Enclave. Key Biscayne, in fact, has until now been a quiet, relaxed, offshore suburb largely populated by white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant Americans. "Sure," says Real Estate Broker Peter Ferguson, a twelve-year resident, "we have our drunks, our fags, our swinging couples and our divorcees—just like any other place." But the island has few problems faced by most mainland communities. Only three Negroes live there. While the Key Biscayne Hotel quietly ended its gentiles-only policy a decade ago, the Key Biscayne Club still allows no one but Caucasians to enjoy its facilities. (A Negro youth and his white host were thrown off the club's beach for breaking that rule in 1966.)

For Richard Nixon, the prototype of

* The houses left and center are Nixon's; the one at right is Bebe Rebozo's.

the transient, rootless American. Key Biscayne is an appropriate hideaway. He has almost no friends on the key, and his visits there will be therapeutic, not social. Born and educated in California, Nixon went to Washington, spent almost six restless years in equally restless Manhattan, and now faces a hectic four-year term. Key Biscayne, populated by people very like himself who have come South seeking sun and sand, offers him the comfort and privacy he needs, and tactful, close-mouthed Bebe Rebozo is one of the few intimates deeply trusted by the President-elect. "They're not far wrong if they call it Dullsville," says Senator Smathers. Given the burdens Nixon will assume on Jan. 20, Dullsville may be just the spot he needs in his leisure time.

ters to provide basic training.* These centers hold workshops for potential candidates on legal requirements for filing, costs and techniques of campaigning, and their official duties. They also provide advice to those already in office and help black officials to research and introduce legislation.

Establishing Authority. Valuable as this assistance is, it is still the black officials themselves who must solve the problems of establishing their authority in a largely hostile white society. White intransigence to political integration takes many forms, ranging from defiance to outright intimidation. Black justices and constables are told by white offenders that "no nigger is going to tell us what to do." Moses Riddick, a member of the Board of Supervisors

Crisis of Identity. Frustrating and vicious as white resistance can be, it is only part of the problem. Many black officials are split over the question of whom they represent, often finding themselves in a crossfire between militant and moderate members of the Negro community, including many who feel that they should not have run in the first place. When A. W. Willis campaigned unsuccessfully for mayor of Memphis in 1967, his "real fight" was with the city's black community. His effort, he said, was undermined by Negroes "who felt that a black man had a nerve trying to be mayor," and by black militants who wanted to boycott the entire election. In Richmond, Va., two Negro councilmen were defeated for reelection when the black leadership sup-



RIDDICK



COLLINS



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RACES

The Other Half of the Battle

When Mrs. Geneva Collins took office as Chancery Clerk in Mississippi's Claiborne County, the two-member white staff quit. Mrs. Collins is black. Dan Nixon, a Negro magistrate in Brownsville, Tenn., was never informed of the date for the swearing-in ceremony after his election and had to seek out a local judge to be formally installed in office. Griffin McLaurin, a black constable in Tchula, Miss., has a problem with the white justice of the peace in his district. Says McLaurin: "When I bring someone in on a traffic charge, if it's a white man, he'll let him go. But if it's a Negro, he'll fine him."

Slowly and painfully, most of the 382 Negroes who have been elected to public offices in the South—ranging from mayor and state representative to constable and justice of the peace—have discovered that getting elected is only half the battle. Now, to help solve some of the problems facing Southern black officeholders, the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council has set up five campus service cen-

in Suffolk, Va., had a cross burned on his lawn after winning a primary. James Jolliff, a black constable in Wilkinson County, Miss., was arrested on charges of impeding and intimidating officers and was temporarily suspended from his office when he stopped Alcoholic Beverage Commission agents from searching a Negro cafeteria without a warrant.

In several Southern states local officials are paid on the "fee" system, according to the number of cases they handle. In towns where there is more than one justice of the peace, white officers can choose which J.P. they will bring minor offenders to for hearings. If one J.P. is black and the other white, the Negro official is simply ignored. William Childs, a black justice of the peace in Tuskegee, Ala., is one victim of this system. Childs charges that the white J.P. in his district averages 300 to 400 traffic cases a month, while he gets no more than 20.

* They are located at Southern University and A. & M. College, Baton Rouge, La.; Clark College, Atlanta, Ga.; Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Miss.; Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.; and Miles College, Birmingham, Ala.

ported two white liberals to replace them. Both the Negroes had supported a measure to increase city transportation fares, and one had voted against an open-housing regulation, arguing that the council was not empowered to pass such a measure.

The number of Negro-elected officials in the South has been rising steadily since the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and the surge is expected to continue. With it will grow the crisis of identity that blacks and whites must face in the South, and the problems will doubtless multiply. So, in the longer run, may the opportunities to root out discrimination. Says Dr. Samuel DuBois Cook, Negro professor of political science at Duke University: "Today, while it is true that the Negro still is part subject, it is also true that he is much nearer the start of political equality than at any previous time. He now has a toe-hold in the Southern political process. Negroes can help redeem the past. They can be liberating and redemptive agents. Black men, working with white men of reason, good will and a sense of justice, can largely free the South from the chains and illusions of the past."

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THE CASE FOR A VOLUNTEER ARMY

THE concept of a volunteer armed force for the U.S. is one of the few national propositions that have scarcely a single enemy. President-elect Richard Nixon is strongly for it. The Department of Defense holds that "reliance upon volunteers is clearly in the interest of the armed forces." Such conservatives as Barry Goldwater and William Buckley back the idea, and so do many liberals, including James Farmer and David Delinger. Young men under the shadow of the draft want it, and so do their parents. Most of American tradition from the Founding Fathers on down is in favor, as were the untold millions of immigrants who came to America to avoid forced service in the conscript armies of czars and kaisers.

A volunteer armed force would seem to have something for everybody. For the Pentagon, it would provide a careerist body of men staying in the ranks long enough to learn their jobs and do them well; as it is, 93% of drafted soldiers leave the service when their two-year tour of duty ends. For constitutionalists, a volunteer army would affirm the principle that free men should not be forced into involuntary servitude in violation of the 13th Amendment. For philosophers, it would restore freedom of choice; if a man wants to be a soldier, he can do so, and if not, he does not have to. The idea also appeals to all those who have become increasingly aware that the draft weighs unfairly upon the poor and the black, the dropout and the kid who does not get to college.

For all this rare unanimity of opinion, however, it seems hardly likely that the U.S. will soon achieve what Nixon has promised to build toward: "an all-volunteer armed force." A main reason for this is that the Pentagon's basic support for the idea of a volunteer army is heavily qualified by worries that it will not work—while the draft has now delivered the bodies without fail for two decades.

Worries in the Pentagon

Burned into military memories is the hasty dismantlement of the U.S. armed forces after World War II, when the nation returned to its traditional military stance: a small number of voluntary regulars, backed up by reserves and the National Guard. The Army managed to attract 300,000 volunteers, of whom West Point's Colonel Samuel H. Hays wrote: "In an infantry battalion during that period one might find only two or three high school graduates in nearly a thousand men. Technical proficiency was not at a high level; delinquency and court-martial rates were." Getting choosier, the Army raised qualifying scores on aptitude tests from 59 to 70, 80, and finally 90. Simultaneously, it limited recruits to men without dependents and those willing to sign up for a three-year hitch. When the Berlin blockade and the Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia took place in 1948, the Pentagon complained that it was far under strength and that relying on volunteers had failed. Congress was told that the draft was needed to get manpower and show U.S. determination to check Communist aggression. The clumsily titled Universal Military Training and Service Act was passed. After that, proposals for returning to a volunteer army were not heard for years.

The military arguments against the volunteer army nowadays derive from new judgments about the size of the forces needed, the cost, and the necessity of flexibility. Certainly nothing but a draft could have supplied the 2,800,000 doughboys of World War I or the 10 million G.I.s of World War II, and the Pentagon's estimate of its current needs runs to similar magnitudes: 3,454,160 of the present moment, and 2,700,000 when peace returns. To raise the Viet Nam-inflated forces, the Department of Defense has relied on the draft to bring in about one-third of new troops and on the scare power of the draft to induce thousands of others to "volunteer." The draftees go to the Army, mostly to the infantry; the glamorous Air Force never has to draft anyone, and the Navy and Marines only rarely.

The Defense Department's study of the practicability of a volunteer army, made five years ago, proved to the department's satisfaction that it still would not work. Even allowing for growth in military-age population, DOD found that it could not expect to get more than 2,000,000 men, at least 700,000 short of pre-Viet Nam needs. As for the possibilities of increasing incentives, the Pentagon concluded that "pay alone is a less potent factor than might be expected" and that fringe benefits have small appeal for young men not deeply conscious of the value of medical care or retirement pay. On the other hand, Richard Nixon holds to the old American idea that it should be possible to devise incentives—pay among them—that will draw men into service.

The Pentagon's estimates of pay increases sufficient to attract a volunteer army ranged startlingly from \$4 billion to \$17 billion a year; Nixon says that he has found "authoritative studies" suggesting that a volunteer force could be set up for \$5 billion to \$7 billion extra. The Pentagon speculates that pensions for a volunteer army might be astronomical, but presumably they would at least partly and eventually replace the \$6 billion a year (sixth largest single item in the federal budget) that the nation pays to ex-servicemen who feel that something is their due for having been drafted. Savings in training costs could run to \$750 million a year, according to the Department of Defense; another economy would result because the proportion of time spent in training would be smaller in relation to a volunteer's long hitch than to a draftee's quick in-and-out. More basically, the extra cost of a volunteer army would be more apparent than real, because paying servicemen wages lower than they could get in a free market is, in effect, a subsidy for the Department of Defense. "We shift the cost of military service from the well-to-do taxpayer, who benefits by lower taxes, to the impecunious young draftee," explains Economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

A number of military thinkers contend that establishing a volunteer armed force limits the flexibility of response to threats. When Khrushchev got tough with President Kennedy in 1961, for example, the President easily increased U.S. might by authorizing Selective Service to have each of its 4,000 draft boards pull in more men. Presumably war on a big scale could rapidly outrun the capacities of a volunteer army, possibly requiring every able-bodied man. Reserves therefore would



have to be maintained—with incentives for reservists instead of the threat of the draft. Even the draft itself probably should be kept on stand-by, perhaps for use with the permission of Congress or in case of declared wars.

Another reason that military men would hate to see the draft go is that they think it provides them with manpower of greater quality as well as quantity. As Colonel Hays noted, volunteers, unpressured by the draft, tended to be "marginal" when the Army last tried them. But he was speaking of men who had grown up in the pinched and deprived Depression years. With the right inducements, a modern technological army should be able to attract technology-minded volunteers, educated and educable enough to cope with missile guidance, intelligence analysis, computer programming, medical care and other demanding jobs. Given five or ten years in service, volunteers should be trainable to considerable skills, to judge from the experience of Canada and Britain, the only major nations that have volunteer forces. Though these armies are small, not having the great global responsibilities of the American forces, they provide enviable examples of high effectiveness, low turnover and contented officers. Lieut. General A. M. Sharp, Vice Chief of the Defense Staff of Canada, contends that free-will soldiers are "unquestionably going to be better motivated than men who are just serving time."

Phantom Fears

Civilian reservations about volunteer armed forces also focus on some fears that tend to dissolve upon examination. Some critics have raised the specter of well-paid careerists becoming either mercenaries or a "state within a state." Nixon, for one, dismisses the mercenary argument as nonsense. The U.S. already pays soldiers a salary. Why should a rise in pay—which for an enlisted man might go from the present \$2,900 a year to as much as \$7,300—turn Americans into mercenaries? Said Nixon: "We're talking about the same kind of citizen armed force America has had ever since it began, excepting only in the period when we have relied on the draft." The Pentagon itself rejects the Wehrmacht-type army, in which men spend all their professional lives in service.

Nixon has also addressed himself to the possibility that a careerist army might become a seedbed for future military coups. That danger is probably inherent in any military force, but, as the President-elect points out, a coup would necessarily come from "the top officer ranks, not from the enlisted ranks, and we already have a career-officer corps. It is hard to see how replacing draftees with volunteers would make officers more influential." Nixon might have added that conscript armies have seldom proved any barrier to military coups. Greece's army is made up of conscripts, but in last year's revolution they remained loyal to their officers, not to their King.

Might not the volunteer army become disproportionately black, perhaps a sort of internal Negro Foreign Legion? Labor Leader Gus Tyler is one who holds that view; he says that a volunteer army would be "low-income and, ultimately, overwhelmingly Negro. These victims of our social order 'prefer' the uniform because of socio-economic compulsions—for the three square meals a day, for the relative egalitarianism of the barracks or the foxhole, for the chance to be promoted." Conceivably, Negroes could flock to the volunteer forces for both a respectable reason, upward mobility, and a deplorable one, to form a domestic revolutionary force.

As a matter of practice rather than theory, powerful factors would work in a volunteer army toward keeping the proportion of blacks about where it is in the draft army—11%, or roughly the same as the nation as a whole. Pay rises would attract whites as much as blacks, just as both are drawn into police forces for similar compensation. The educational magnets, which tend to rule out many Negroes as too poorly schooled and leave many whites in college through deferments, would continue to exert their

effect. Black Power militancy would work against Negroes' joining the Army. Ronald V. Dellums, a Marine volunteer 13 years ago and now one of two black councilmen in Berkeley, opposes the whole idea of enlistment as a "way for the black people to get up and out of the ghetto to existence. If a black man has to become a paid killer in order to take care of himself and his family economically, there must be something very sick about this society." But even if all qualified Negroes were enrolled, the black proportion of the volunteer army could not top 25%. Nixon holds that fear of a black army is fantasy: "It supposes that raising military pay would in some way slow up or stop the flow of white volunteers, even as it stepped up the flow of black volunteers. Most of our volunteers now are white. Better pay and better conditions would obviously make military service more attractive to black and white alike."

One consideration about the volunteer army is that it could eventually become the only orderly way to raise armed forces. The draft, though it will prevail by law at least through 1971, is under growing attack. In the mid-'50s, most military-age men eventually got drafted, and the inequities of exempting the remainder were not flagrant. Now, despite Viet Nam, military draft needs are dropping, partly because in 1966 Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara started a "project 100,000," which slightly lowered mental and physical standards and drew 70,000 unanticipated volunteers into the forces. Meanwhile, the pool of men in the draftable years is rising, increasingly replenished by the baby boom of the late '40s. Armed forces manpower needs have run at 300,000 a year lately, but they will probably drop to 240,000 this year. On the other hand, the number of men aged 19 to 25 has jumped from 8,000,000 in 1958 to 11.5 million now—and will top 13 million by 1974. The unfairness inherent in the task of arbitrarily determining the few who shall serve and the many who shall be exempt will probably overshadow by far the controversies over college deferments and the morality of the Viet Nam war. In the American conscience, the draft-card burners planted a point: that conscription should be re-examined and not necessarily perpetuated. The blending of war protest with draft protest, plus the ever more apparent inequities of Selective Service, led Richard Nixon to move his proposal for a volunteer army to near the top of his priorities.

Healing Tensions

The position from which to start working for a volunteer army is that, to a large extent, the nation already has one—in the sense that two-thirds of its present troops are enlistees. Neither Nixon nor anyone else visualizes a rapid changeover. The draft will doubtless endure until the war in Viet Nam ends, but it could then be phased out gradually. After that, the draft structure can be kept in stand-by readiness, thinks Nixon, "without leaving 20 million young Americans who will come of age during the next decade in constant uncertainty and apprehension."

If Nixon and his executive staff can move ahead with legislation and the new Secretary of Defense prod and cajole his generals and admirals, the new Administration will go far toward its aim. A volunteer army might help ease racial tensions, perhaps by ending the imbalance that has blacks serving in the front lines at almost three times their proportion in the population and certainly by removing the arbitrariness of the draft that puts them there. The move would also eliminate the need to force men to go to war against their consciences, and end such other distortions as paying soldiers far less than they would get if they were civilians, or forcing other young men into early marriages and profligate studies to avoid the draft. Incentive, substituted for compulsion, could cut waste and motivate pride. Not least, a volunteer army would work substantially toward restoring the national unity so sundered by the present inequalities of the draft.

THE WORLD

THE RISKS OF REPRISAL

In the aftermath of the reprisal raid on Beirut airport by Israeli commandos, the Middle East last week seemed closer to war than at any time since all-out hostilities formally ceased 19 months ago. Jordan mobilized 17-year-olds, and King Hussein urgently called for an Arab summit conference. Diplomats of the U.S., Russia, Britain and France met in three capitals to discuss the crisis. In Washington, officials judged the Middle East the one place right now where a confrontation with the Russians could occur, and a White House aide reported that the turbulent region is

Beirut attack, however, Israel found itself largely isolated diplomatically. The raid, which fueled the latest round of violence, struck even Israel's friends as an unhappy example of a propensity to overreact, demanding not a tooth for a tooth but a whole mouthful of teeth for every one lost by Israel.

Certainly the provocation had been severe: an Arab terrorist strike at El Al, Israel's vital air link with the rest of the world. The pair of Palestinian terrorists who shot up an El Al Boeing 707 about to take off from Athens airport had also killed one passenger—and

tion in violation of its obligations under the charter and the cease-fire resolutions." To Israel's understandable chagrin, the resolution failed to mention the Athens attack (see box following page). Pope Paul VI sent a sympathetic message to Lebanese President Charles Helou, "deploring violent acts" and asking Lebanon to refrain from taking countermeasures.

Anger in Israel. The world's reaction—and particularly the Pope's words—evoked a bitter response in Israel, which met the censure with surprise, bewilderment and then anger. Israel's Minister for Religious Affairs, Zorach Warhaftig, replied that "the Pope's voice was silent when Jewish worshippers were



ISRAELI COMMANDOS BOARDING PLANE



ESHKOL (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AT CABINET MEETING

Considerably more than a tooth for a tooth.

uppermost in President Johnson's mind during the final 18 days of his Administration.

Along the Middle East's frontiers, bristling with weaponry, rolled a drumfire of incidents, any one of which could spark a new war. Israeli and Jordanian artillery duelled across the Jordan valley. Arab fedayeen guerrillas mortared a copper mine and three Israeli settlements, killing an 18-year-old army girl. In reprisal, Israelis strafed fedayeen positions, and jet-escorted helicopters blasted a Jordanian police car, killing three security men. From Lebanon, long the most peaceable of Israel's neighbors, Arab guerrillas rained rocket shells on the town of Qiryat Shemona and a nearby kibbutz, killing two civilians. In reply, Israeli troops shelled the town of Rajar, and traded shells with Lebanese artillery along what had now become Israel's fourth front.

Unhappy Example. Until now, Israel has been able to count in time of crisis on a reservoir of world sympathy for an outnumbered nation surrounded by implacably hostile neighbors. After the

might well have killed everyone aboard if one of their incendiary grenades had ignited the liner's loaded fuel tanks. Israel accused Lebanon, which had served as the gunmen's point of departure, of harboring the terrorists. At a meeting in Jerusalem, senior cabinet ministers split over whether to raid Beirut airport or attack one of three guerrilla camps that the Israelis claim are located in Lebanon. Premier Levi Eshkol cast his vote with the hard-liners: it would be Beirut.

The Israeli commandos had expected to find only half a dozen Arab planes on the ground; instead, they found and destroyed 13. Israel also miscalculated the raid's explosive effect on world opinion, despite the commandos' care not to take a life for the one lost in Athens. President Johnson publicly termed the raid "serious and unwise" and used considerably stronger language in private. In the United Nations, the U.S. joined the other 14 members of the Security Council in unanimously condemning Israel in the harshest of diplomatic terms for its "premeditated military ac-

attacked at the tomb of the patriarchs in Hebron," referring to a grenade attack that injured 48 Israelis in October. Then, unable to stop there, he went on to castigate Pius XII for being silent "when millions of Jews were murdered" during World War II. Israel rejected the U.N. censure as hopelessly one-sided, since Arab nations are regularly protected from similar blame by Soviet veto. Israel's Ambassador to the United Nations, Yosef Tekoah, termed the censure proof of "the moral, political and juridical bankruptcy of the Council regarding the Middle East situation." Tekoah continued, making a justifiable point that most Israelis felt summed up their case: "Is the single life of the Israeli engineer killed in Athens worth less than all the metal and wire and upholstery destroyed in Beirut? Are we to hear that the scrap iron of airplanes is worth more than Jewish blood?"

Cast suddenly on the diplomatic defensive, Premier Eshkol said in Jerusalem that "we could not but exercise our right of self-defense. Any tourist knows where to find the terrorist or-

ganization in Beirut. International law clearly says that a country that harbors aggressors is an aggressor."

Preview Policy. In Lebanon's case, Israel's policy of holding Arab governments responsible for raids by Palestinian fedayeen might prove counterproductive. Lebanon has paid lip service to the guerrillas, but its army had always been under strict orders to prevent incursions into Israel. Now, declared the Beirut daily *An Nahar*, "Lebanon has entered the June 5 war." The government considered plans for a draft to bolster its 15,000-man army, but at the same time Lebanese Defense Minister Hussein Oweini reassured that Lebanon would not knowingly permit the fedayeen to operate from its soil.

In Washington, the Beirut raid inevitably served to strengthen the hand of State Department advocates of a less unquestioning alliance with Israel. The raid could also make it politically easier for President-elect Richard Nixon to pursue a more even-handed policy in the Middle East, if he should so decide. In what might almost have been a preview of such a policy, Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week called on the Arab states to "do their utmost to restrain terrorist activity," and on Israel "to recognize that a policy of excessive retaliation will not produce the peace that Israel surely desires."

Sticking Points. If there was one dividend to be found in last week's crisis, it was the fresh sense of urgency imparted to big-power efforts toward a settlement. Russian diplomats in Washington, Paris and London began pressing for an agreement that could be offered to both sides with big-power endorsement. In a week of intensive conversations, there were hints of a new Soviet willingness to search for accommodation on such sticking points as demarcation of boundaries, free navigation, demilitarized zones and international guarantees. Some close observers detected an emerging package offer.

Even if the U.S. and Russia could come to a meeting of minds on the Middle East, along with Britain and France as the only other potential sources of arms, the question remained to what extent a settlement could be imposed on the quarrelsome antagonists. The Arabs now seem eager to have their borders guaranteed by the big powers, and the present leaders of the Arab world know that an imposed settlement is the only kind that they could politically survive. Israel insists that any lasting peace can only be negotiated by those responsible for living with it, and stoutly opposes big-power intervention. Against this is the fact that Arabs and Israelis remain farther away from settling their affairs than ever and, in the opinion of many, the Middle East remains too dangerous and unpredictable a situation to go unfettered much longer. The real question last week was whether the crisis that led to the talks would explode before diplomacy could shape a settlement.

In Defense of Israel

ISRAEL'S most articulate advocate is Abba S. Eban, who as Foreign Minister has the task of explaining his country's actions to the world. Last week, in an exclusive interview with *TIME* Correspondent John Shaw, Eban reflected on the reasons and possible solutions for Israel's present plight:

Will the adverse international reaction to the Beirut raid affect Israel's policy of retaliation?

We have no policy of retaliation. We have a policy of survival. If retaliation helps survival, we are for it. If someone could prove we could survive by giving Arab violence a free rein, then we would do so. But nobody has proved this.

The Israeli press has been invoking the history of the persecution of Jews in claiming that there is international discrimination against Israel. Do you think this attitude is justified?

The international attitude toward Israel cannot be entirely detached from traditional relationships between Jews and non-Jews. There is a stereotype of the Jews as passive victims of others' violence. Israel gives another picture, the picture of the Jews suffering but also resisting. World consciousness has not fully absorbed this change. I have no other explanation for the fact that the Soviet Union, which invaded Czechoslovakia, can condemn alleged Israeli "aggression" at the U.N. without the public gallery bursting into laughter.

Does Israel still believe in international order, or have you decided to go it alone?

The concept of international order is a Jewish idea we have been trying for 4,000 years to transmit to the rest of the world. It is an idea that works with great strength on the Jewish imagination. It is, however, an idea, not a reality. The U.N. does not express that idea with any effectiveness in its present composition. My view after 20 years of U.N. experience is not far different from that of General Assembly President Emilio Arenales of Guatemala: he recently referred to the "frivolity" and "irresponsibility" of certain majority decisions at the U.N.

There is talk of the big powers imposing a settlement. What do you consider are the prospects for such a solution?

A settlement can only grow from within the region, we believe. Powers outside this region have surprisingly little capacity to make the states here act against what they consider to be their interests. But the big powers can do two things here. They can force Israel and the Arabs to turn to each other by excluding the possibility of an imposed set-

tlement. And if the adversaries make an agreement, the big powers can support such a settlement.

Some of the reaction to the Beirut raid was caused by fear that it might lead to another war. How dangerous is the situation here now?

If the danger of war has increased, it is because of what happened in Athens, not in Beirut. World War II was not caused by Anglo-French reaction, but by Hitler's initial violence. I do not think the sequence of Arab violence and Israeli reaction, however drastic, necessarily means general war. Nations

FOREIGN MINISTER EBAN



FOREIGN MINISTER EBAN

do not get drawn into war; they make general war only by cold decision. In May 1967, President Nasser decided to have a war. I don't think he has made that decision again yet.

What does Israel want or expect from the new U.S. Administration, whose Middle East policy, it is speculated, may be more "evenhanded"?

American policy in the past has never shown bias toward Israel. Thus, if it is evenhanded, it will remain the same, not change. Israel hopes for three things from the U.S. First, that the Administration will see to it that war is not invited by an imbalance of forces here. This means that Israel's defenses should be maintained in the face of the massive Soviet rearming of Egypt. Second, Israel wishes the U.S. to deter the Soviet Union from intervention or intimidation here. And third, we want the new Administration to maintain President Johnson's principle that there can be no Israeli withdrawal from the cease-fire lines except to secure and agreed borders. This principle has been restated to us in Washington recently, and has also been stated by Mr. Nixon on many occasions. We do not expect the Nixon Administration to depart from these three fundamentals, even if the application of them is appraised from time to time.

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CUBA: TEN YEARS OF CASTRO

We have now graduated from the primary school of the revolution. We are now entering junior high school.

THE words were those of Fidel Castro as he marked the 10th anniversary of his rule in Cuba last week. A decade has elapsed since the *barbudos* (bearded ones) strode down from the Sierra Maestra to crown their revolution and take over the Caribbean isle, and the years have taken their toll. Ernesto ("Che") Guevara is dead, killed in Bolivia in an ill-fated subversion attempt. Camilo Cienfuegos, another of

"year of decisive effort, a year of 18 months," in which Cubans may have to trade even their holidays for back-breaking work in the boondocks. After the initial, unsuccessful attempt at rapid industrialization, the emphasis has been on agriculture for the past few years. Outside San José, a town east of Havana, a huge billboard proclaims that "agriculture is to the revolution what the mountains are to guerrillas." While there has been a serious effort at crop diversification, Cuba continues to stress the production of sugar, which constitutes 85% of its exports. Everywhere in the land, posters call for "los diez millones," the 10 million tons of sugar that Castro wants by 1970, as opposed to a bare 5.2 million tons harvested last year and an alltime high of 7.22 million tons in 1960.

By comparison with the countryside, Havana, once the playground of the Caribbean, is clean, grey and drab. Its nightclubs are shuttered (except for the anniversary celebrations, when some opened and featured leather-skirted gogo girls), its streets are empty of cars and its remaining 55,000 private business establishments nationalized, including most of its once ubiquitous and distinctive coffee stands. Queuing for everything from an ice-cream cone or a cup of coffee to a wedding date and a reservation for the honeymoon hotel room (furnished by the government) has become an accepted part of Cuban life.

Food is rationed, and so is gasoline. For Christmas each Cuban child was allotted three toys. Despite cloth rationing, some Habaneros manage to look surprisingly chic, sewing their own mini-skirts and making their own net stockings. Eating out is expensive and popular, and when a restaurant adds a new dish to the standard menu of fish and rice, the news spreads quickly. Cubans call Havana *La Parásita*, the parasite living off the land. Each year the city dies a little more but, for the regime, Havana is not where the fate of Communism on the island will be decided.

Green Belt. As Castro and his men envision it, Cuba's future is in the countryside, in agriculture and in youth. Although Fidel recently complained that while other nations were sending men to the moon, he was having trouble sending people into the cane fields, almost everyone who can work does so. In the Córdón, a green belt around Havana where coffee and citrus trees have been planted, civil servants labor side by side with students, encouraged by the steady beat of the Brincos, the Latin Beatles, as its blasts from Radio Córdón. Habaneros repair to the Córdón for so-called "guerrilla weekends" of tackling weeds, in line with Fidel's plea for communal work and "true, fraternal, humane Communism." Dirty boots, rolled-up sleeves and talk of agriculture are

marks of honor in today's Cuba, even in the cities. Dairy farms equipped with modern machinery have sprung up—Havana province alone has 25 under construction—and highly scientific livestock breeding is encouraged. In the Córdón, new small towns are springing up. There are miles upon square miles of newly tilled soil and scores of "piccolinos," tiny Italian-made Jeep-type tractors. Little shortage of equipment is evident; the U.S. blockade has hurt, but trade with Western nations continues, as illustrated by the presence of British-built buses, Italian motorcycles, and West German and Japanese fishing equipment.

Most important perhaps, the revo-

BERNARD DIEDERICH



CASTRO ON ANNIVERSARY
And no time to waste.



SOLDIERS ON PARADE IN DECEMBER
Future on the farms.

the early heroes, is also dead, killed in an air crash shortly after the takeover. Posters in Havana today poignantly proclaim: "We are doing well, Camilo."

Only Castro endures, bearded as always, clad in his familiar green army fatigues, now 41. The years of experimentation and frustration seem to have mellowed him: he is a guerrilla agriculturist these days, seemingly more concerned with exporting sugar than revolutionary warfare. For last week's celebration, there was no military parade, no troops and no tanks. "We do not want to waste a gallon of gas or lose a minute of work," Fidel explained to a million cheering Habaneros in the Plaza de la Revolución.

Queuing for Everything. Ten years of Communism à la Castro have changed Cuba dramatically. Castro calls them "the ten most difficult years." He holds out the promise that Cuban sacrifices will soon be rewarded by a richly productive decade—but only after another

lution has left its impact on Cuba's youth. In his anniversary speech, Castro claimed that 300,000 youngsters now have government scholarships. Many of them would have had no such opportunity in the days of Dictator Fulgencio Batista. It is in education that Castro's social transformation, based on his idealistic vision of a "New Cuban," has been most profound. The government claims that illiteracy, 18% before the takeover, is now down to 3.2%, compared with 2.4% in the U.S. and 27% in Mexico. The figure may be exaggerated, but there can be little doubt that Castro's literacy campaign has freed thousands of Cubans from the bondage of not being able to read and write.

Merit Alone. The price, of course, has been high. Since 1961, close to half a million Cubans have left their homeland, driven away by material deprivation, political indoctrination and limitations on personal freedom. More than 300,000 of them have come to

the U.S., and fully loaded shuttle flights of *gusanos* (worms), Castro's derisive description of the refugees, continue twice a day, five days a week.

Others remain behind on the island, trapped and grumbling, or hopeful that their children will benefit from the sacrifices their generation has made. One of those who has stayed behind is Gilberto Morejon, a Negro who works in the modern fishing port outside Havana. "Before," he says, referring to the days of Batista, "people like me had no chance. We were discriminated against either because we were black or because we were poor. Now we are judged on merit alone." Not enough Cubans share his enthusiasm, however, to usher in Castro's utopia any time soon. How else can a social order be explained in which fully 2,400,000 of Cuba's 8,000,000 people belong to *Comites para la defensa de la revolucion*, charged mainly with watching their neighbors?

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Shifting Symbols

During Czechoslovakia's "springtime of freedom," First Party Secretary Alexander Dubček was the symbol of the country's new liberal spirit. Now, in the winter of its agony, Dubček has increasingly become the symbol of compromise and collaboration. Bending to the will of his Soviet overlords, however reluctantly, Dubček has moved into the forefront of those who are shaping the country's return to stern Communist orthodoxy.

Last week the Communist Party Presidium issued a warning to the Czechoslovak people admonishing them to refrain from all forms of dissent against the regime or the Soviet occupiers. Otherwise, as Dubček declared, "The party

will impose inevitable measures. They might seem undemocratic, but they will ensure that this republic is not driven by anarchistic tendencies." Not surprisingly, Dubček's popularity has declined sharply in Czechoslovakia. In fact, only 4½ months after their tanks crashed into Czechoslovakia, the Soviets have, in effect, succeeded in destroying not only the liberal reforms but the reformer as well.

Measure of Autonomy. Since he is largely doing their bidding, the Soviets do not at present want to discredit Dubček entirely. Ironically, they allowed him last week to put into effect one of his original reforms. It has nothing to do with his innovations in press and political freedom, which have been quashed. The new measure establishes a federal system of government in Czechoslovakia, granting a large degree of autonomy to the country's two main ethnic groups, the Czechs and the Slovaks.

Dubček, a Slovak, presented the scheme a year ago when he ousted from power President and Party Boss Antonín Novotný, a Czech. Historically, the more bucolic Slovaks have felt oppressed by the urbanized and sophisticated Czechs, who outnumber them by nearly 3 to 1. Hoping to enhance his support at home, Dubček proposed self-rule as a means of alleviating the old Slovak grievances. At first, the Soviets, who earlier had threatened to break off Slovakia and incorporate it into the Soviet Union, opposed the federal system. They changed their minds when they realized that the reorganization would provide an opportunity to plant in the new posts men who are more likely to do their bidding than the officials in the former government.

Under the new setup, the Czech and Slovak halves of the country will each

have their own governments to run the affairs of the provinces. The activities of the regional governments will be coordinated by a federal government in Prague that will be administered by a Premier, four Deputy Premiers and a seven-man Cabinet. In addition, there will be a bicameral federal legislature composed of a lower Chamber of People and a Senate-style Chamber of Nations; the delegates of both houses will be drawn from the regional assemblies.

Preference for Realists. The initial Czechoslovak reaction to federalization was favorable. In a spontaneous outburst of regional pride, Czechs paraded through the snowy streets of Prague, waving the red and white flag of their native province of Bohemia. Simultaneously, Slovak patriots hoisted the white-blue-red banner of Slovakia over the battlements of the hilltop castle that frowns down on Bratislava, the old provincial capital of Slovakia.

Behind the scenes, the Soviets were doing some hoisting of their own, as they elevated their men to power. They are prudently not promoting for the new posts outright Stalinists from the Novotný regime; instead, they prefer respectable, obedient bureaucrats. In Prague's current political argot, these men are called "the realists." The new federal Premier, for example, is Oldřich Černík, who was also Premier during the Dubček period but has since shown his willingness to cooperate with the Soviet occupiers.

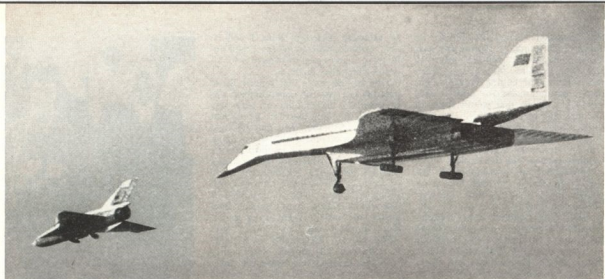
Many of the other appointees have no previous political experience. Ján Marko, the new Foreign Minister, was the chief of the Slovak Commission for Technology. At the provincial level, the new Czech Premier, Stanislav Razl, is a former minister of the chemical industry, and the Slovak Premier, Stefan Sadovský, is a former Dubček supporter who has apparently abandoned his earlier enthusiasm for liberalism in favor of realism.

The Last Hero. The predominance of realists in the new governments has only heightened the tension in Czechoslovakia over the fate of Josef Smrkovský, who, with Dubček's decline, remains the last hero to Czechoslovakia's disillusioned workers, students and intellectuals. An unrepentant liberal, Smrkovský lost his post as president of the National Assembly when that body was abolished to make way for the new legislature. In the new system, he temporarily holds the equivalent post of president of the federal parliament. At the behest of the Russians, the realists have started a campaign to take that post away from Smrkovský. The workers, including the 900,000 members of the metalworkers' union, have pledged to go out on strike if Smrkovský is not given the job—and thousands of students have made similar vows. The issue of the appointment will not be decided for another week or so, but Smrkovský's ouster just might fan the smoldering embers of discontent in Czechoslovakia into a blaze.

HARRY REEL



DUBČEK, SMRKOVSKÝ AND ČERNÍK ON TRAIN IN HAPPIER DAYS
Destroying the reformer as well as the reforms.



Escorted by a MIG-21, the world's first supersonic airliner to fly last week lifted off Moscow's Zhukovsky airport on its 38-minute subsonic maiden flight. Strikingly similar in design to the Anglo-French Concorde, which is expected to undergo its first flight tests within the next month or so, the Soviet TU-144 will whisk 98 to 135 pas-

sengers along at 1,550 m.p.h. over distances of up to 4,000 miles. It is scheduled to fly at supersonic speeds by summer and to enter regular service in March 1970. Though the U.S.'s Boeing-designed supersonic is larger (250 to 280 passengers) and faster (1,850 m.p.h.), it is not scheduled to fly before 1971 at the earliest.

THE WAR

Freedom for Three

For the first time in the long war, U.S. and Viet Cong envoys met last week to conclude successfully the release of U.S. prisoners. Led by a lieutenant colonel, the U.S. delegation had met with the Viet Cong in the same field 50 miles northwest of Saigon during the Christmas truce, but the Communists had not brought the three men they had promised to free. Both encounters were rigged by the Viet Cong with an eye to making as much propaganda mileage as possible for the National Liberation Front. The U.S., naturally, did not like the situation, but was willing to endure it for the sake of freeing the three captives.

Nearly 20 newsmen and photographers flocked around a Viet Cong flag set up in the middle of the field for last week's meeting; the U.S. command had flown only four newsmen to the site. The main negotiator for the Viet Cong, a man in floppy hat and khaki fatigues without insignia, had brought along rattan stools, and he motioned to the American delegation, which had brought its own metal folding chairs, to sit down—most likely in the hope of producing pictures to be played against the Paris dispute over seating arrangements. After all, if the U.S. would sit down with the Viet Cong, why should not Saigon? The Americans declined the bait and remained standing, and the Viet Cong then refused to sit down as well.

An hour's break ensued, during which the Viet Cong

sipped beer on their side of the clearing and the Americans drank cold tea near the helicopters that had brought them. Finally, the Communist representatives produced the American prisoners—Pfc. Donald G. Smith, SP4 Thomas N. Jones, and SP4 James W. Brigham, all 21. After a short Viet Cong propaganda speech (during which Smith mumbled, "By God, let's get all this over with and get out of here"), the Americans issued the Communists a receipt for the prisoners and whisked them off by helicopter. The three had been in enemy hands for periods ranging from four to eight months. They said that they had been reasonably well treated during their captivity, and U.S. doctors found them to be in "satisfactory to good" physical condition.



U.S. PRISONERS JUST BEFORE RELEASE
Bait declined.

Life with Charlie

A fourth American also gained his freedom last week in Viet Nam. He owed no thanks for it to the Viet Cong, though it must have been a relief for them to have him go. Major James N. Rowe, a 1960 West Point graduate, was captured in the delta in October 1963 while serving as a Special Forces first lieutenant advising South Vietnamese forces. Last week the crew of an American helicopter operating over a clearing near Ca Mau city spotted a bearded figure clad in black pajamas and waving a mosquito net. It was Rowe. He had escaped from his captors with the unenviable distinction of having been a prisoner of the Viet Cong for five years.

In the time since his capture, Rowe had become an almost legendary figure in Viet Nam. The Special Forces refused to give up on him. Occasionally, intelligence reports would drift in indicating that he was not only alive but making life difficult for his jailers. There were recurring tales about a prisoner that the Viet Cong called "Mr. Trouble," apparently because he had made several attempts at escape and remained utterly defiant of his captors. Some in Saigon thought that Rowe was Mr. Trouble. In 1967, a Viet Cong defector who had seen Rowe in a prison camp grudgingly characterized him as "stubborn, sneaky and very smart." At that time, the defector reported, Rowe was with five other Americans. Two of them later died, two were freed in late 1967, and one was executed in retribution for the execution of a Viet Cong.

A Degree of Respect. Rowe described his long internment on his return to the U.S. en route to his home in McAllen, Texas. During the last 14 months, he lived in a wooden roofed cage deep in the forest ("You some-

times question whether it's built for an animal or a human"). During the day, he was allowed to venture only 125 feet away from his "hooch," and spent most of his time cutting firewood, setting traps and snares for mice, snakes and wild animals that would spice up his daily diet of rice and fish. He tried to keep busy at all times. "You do anything to keep your mind occupied," he said. "Your mental attitude is what determines whether you live or die."

Throughout his imprisonment, the Viet Cong tried to persuade him to repudiate the U.S. or, at least, the war. They never overtly threatened his life, he said. Their methods were lectures, propaganda literature and films. Rowe found that their most effective technique—and the one most troubling to him—was to feed a prisoner bits and pieces of news of domestic trouble in the U.S. "All this is designed to create within the prisoner of war a feeling of defeat—the fact that even within the United States the dissension, the disorder is growing to the point that there is a loss of respect for authority, that the entire structure within the United States is shaken and about to topple, that United States efforts throughout the world are crumbling. This is the type of thing that is conveyed to the prisoner." Yet he developed "a degree of respect" for his captors, "merely for their dedication to what they believe in."

Never a Captain. Rowe's chance for escape finally came on the last day of 1968, when allied troops launched a sweep near the camp and the prisoners were moved out. "I got one guard to separate with me," Rowe recalled. "At that point, the guard became unconscious and I got to the chopper." How did the guard become unconscious? "I'd rather not go into that at this point," said the major with a smile.

Rowe has already volunteered to return to Viet Nam, where, he feels, his intimate knowledge of the Viet Cong should be put to use. To him, he explained, the enemy is no longer "a faceless mass, a group of screaming individuals. Having watched them over

an extended period of time, I will be able to think ahead to interpret their actions, in many cases to foresee a lot of things which they might do."

One of the ways that helped Rowe pass his last year of imprisonment was to calculate the amount of back pay that the U.S. might owe him: he reached more than \$30,000, then quit figuring. In fact, he was considerably short-changing himself because he assumed that he was still a first lieutenant, not realizing that his promotion schedule rolled on *in absentia*. His back-pay total will thus probably come closer to \$50,000. "I just couldn't believe that I was a first lieutenant and now I wake up a major, like a modern Rip Van Winkle," said Rowe, now 30. Presumably the \$20,000 in extra pay will provide some consolation for the fact that Rowe will never know what it is like to wear the double bars of a U.S. Army captain.

JAPAN

The Wife Tells All

Before World War II, Japan was truly a man's world. Husbands ruled as absolute masters of the home, and wives were expected to be obedient, unobtrusive and completely devoted to family and household. Divorce for a man meant little more than writing a brief decree and sending his spouse back to her family; for a wife, it was nearly unobtainable. Adultery was a criminal offense—for women, not men.

All that changed with the end of the war and the U.S. occupation. Many of the old laws went off the books, and the emancipation of Japanese women made giant strides. Just how wide the break with the past has become was demonstrated when Novelist Shusaku Endo published, in the popular weekly *Shukan Asahi*, an interview with no less a personage than Mrs. Hiroko Sato, wife of Premier Eisaku Sato.

The interview was entitled "My Tearful Early Days of Marriage," and in it Mrs. Sato described the Premier as about as fierce an old-style Japanese husband as can be imagined—a rake, a wife-beater and a man so taciturn that he never consulted his wife on anything. It was not only an uncommonly candid flashback of the Sato's early wedded life but a commentary on the old code and how it has been broken. And the source was the woman whose husband heads one of the most industrialized and progressive nations in the world.

The Good Old Days. The article caused a minor sensation in the West, but Japanese newspapers either ignored it or printed only brief notes on the reaction elsewhere. Young Japanese, with little knowledge of prewar Japan, dismissed it as incomprehensible. To older people it was hardly news, although it aroused a bit of nostalgia for the good old days among some of the men. The Premier, true to his wife's characterization, remained silent; an aide reported that he had only laughed when he read the interview.



PREMIER SATO & WIFE
Commentary on the code.

Mrs. Sato was honest to a fault about the early days of her marriage to Sato, a cousin. It was a match that, like many of the time, had been arranged while she was still in primary school. Her first shock as a bride came when she realized that her husband was consorting with geisha girls, Japan's professional entertainers, and was spending more than half the family budget on them. "I really dreaded geisha girls," she recalled. Her eldest son almost threw a rock at a geisha whom he saw walking with his father.

Two Children. When Mrs. Sato complained to her husband about his exploits, she said, "he beat me and smashed things. There were quite a few people who sympathized with me and counseled him against resorting to violence against me. He was not without affection toward me, to be sure, but he certainly did not have the ability to express it. Girls nowadays would simply walk out on him. Even at home he was always oddly silent and played solitaire. He's been playing solitaire these past 40 years, when I think of it. He certainly proved reluctant to open his mouth and say things to me. Instead, before he opened his mouth, his hand came out."

Was there nothing good to be said about the Premier, asked Interviewer Endo in some astonishment. Indeed, there was. Over the years, Mrs. Sato conceded, affection had grown between husband and wife—and they had had two children. "Our Mr. Eisaku, I think, is not without a certain masculine charm," she said. "Now we are like brother and sister. We've been together for a long time, you know. We are just like the air to each other."



MAJOR ROWE AFTER ESCAPE
"Stubborn, sneaky and very smart."



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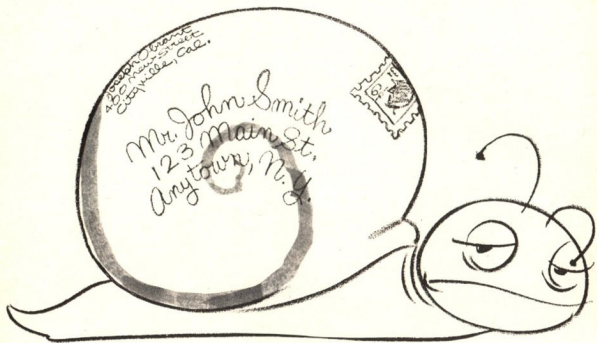
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Snail Mail

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would move at a snail's pace—
*if it moved at all!***

Like you, the people at the Post Office hate sluggish mail. That's why they created Zip Code! With it, mail is sorted up to 15 times faster—and makes fewer stops along the way to its destination. To get the Zip Codes you need—see the information pages of your phone

book for local Zips, and your Post Office's Zip Code directory for all others, or just call the Post Office. Put a rabbit in your mail—use Zip Code and mail early in the day. Then the Post Office can actually *guarantee* you the fastest possible mail delivery.



Mail moves the country—

ZIP CODE moves the mail!



PEOPLE

Unbridled sex appeal and bridled hobbyhorses make an unlikely scene. Yet there was Israeli Siren **Dahlia Lavi**, 26, playing the role of the Jewish Mother with all the smothering solicitude of Molly Goldberg. Since Son Rouven was born to her and Producer-Husband John Sullivan 20 months ago, Dahlia has been hewing to her London hearthside during film breaks and doing all those cuddly, maternal things that sloe-eyed vamps are not supposed to do. Devotees of décolletage need not worry, though; Dahlia is currently ap-

Rondels are not written to Paris in the winter, when it does in fact drizzle and cold fogs enshroud the Seine. But to **Madame Mai Ky**, 26, the beautiful wife of South Viet Nam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, the first trip to the "City of Lights" was a source of infinite wonder. With her husband and three-year-old daughter Duyen, Mai ("Snow Flower" in Vietnamese) explored the palace grounds at Versailles. When Ky was busy, Viet Nam's Second Lady delightedly wove her way through the salons of Courrèges and

L.B.J. once called Watson "as wise as my father, as gentle as my mother, as loyal to my side as Lady Bird."

When Swedish Starlet **Britt Ekland**, 26, first announced her intention to divorce peripatetic Comedian **Peter Sellers**, 43, she pleaded a case that would pluck at any mother's heartstrings. "You can't imagine," she wailed, "how exhausting it is transporting a baby, a nanny and all your possessions all over the world." So saying, Britt left Peter and began transporting baby, nanny and possessions all over the world—off to New York for the filming of Britt's latest movie, *Stiletto*, then down to Puerto



DAHLIA & ROUVEN

From the hearth . . .

pearing in one screen steamer, *Nobody Runs Forever*, and has just completed another called *Some Girls Do*.

Consider New York Mayor **John Lindsay's** reply to the students of Rough Rock School on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona. The youngsters had written a letter offering to take Manhattan Island off his hands for \$24 worth of trinkets and beads. Replied His Honor, with equal seriousness: "Your offer falls far short of the current value of Manhattan Island—which has become the East Coast's answer to your own Monument Valley. Our unanimous judgment is that because of the enormous growth in building and population on Manhattan since 1623, combined with the creation of a modern transportation system, distinguished architecture, wonderful park and recreation facilities and our nationally renowned credit standing, we could not possibly afford to sell Manhattan for \$24." No, concluded Lindsay: "We won't take a nickel less than \$80." The Rough Rockers reportedly think that is a bit much.



MAI & DUYEN

. . . through the salons . . .

LaVine. The Vice President was spared a whopping bill only by his wife's prudent deference to protocol. Said she wistfully: "I have no occasion to wear such gowns. At official functions I wear only my national costume."

It is doubtful that all the snow, rain, heat or gloom of night in the world could have stayed outgoing Postmaster General **Marvin Watson**, 44, from his self-appointed rounds. With perhaps an eye cocked to the 1970 gubernatorial election in his native Texas, Watson let it be known that he has visited 198 post offices in 48 states and covered a total of 89,000 air miles since his appointment last April. At most stops, Government-paid photographers snapped pictures of Watson shaking hands with postal employees while an aide clicked a counter each time Watson pressed the flesh. Last handshake count: 69,725. If urged, Watson will admit that he saved the Postal Department \$10 million last year. What matter if the postal service's deficit is still running at more than \$1 billion a year? After all,



BRITT & VICTORIA

. . . and all over the world.

Rico for more shooting, then back to London for the Sellers' December divorce. Last week Britt, four-year-old Victoria and dutiful nanny popped back into New York for some more *Stiletto*. It turns out that the movie is to be completed at a third location. So before long, Britt will be transporting . . .

The Order of Merit is the most coveted nonpolitical honor to which a Briton can aspire. Membership is restricted to 24 British subjects and is granted directly by the Crown. That honor was fittingly bestowed last week on Novelist-Humanist **E. M. Forster** (*A Passage to India*) on the eve of his 90th birthday. The sage celebrated birthday and royal gift quietly with friends, then returned to King's College, Cambridge, where he has lived as an Honorary Fellow since 1946. Age has not dulled his gentle wit. Asked if he would not some day want his death to be commemorated in King's Chapel, he replied: "Oh, no, not the chapel. That would smell too much of religion. It would be letting the humanists down."

THE LAW

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

A Year Without Executions

For the first time on record, not a single criminal was executed in the U.S. last year. The number of executions has sharply declined since 1930, when the Federal Government first began keeping track of them; in 1967, only two persons were executed. One major reason for the decline is growing public opposition to capital punishment, which has led some states to abolish it. More than 435 prisoners reside on death rows across the U.S. They received stays of execution last year either because of individual appeals or because the death penalty itself is under attack in the courts on constitutional grounds.

JUDGES

On the Spot in the Spotlight

Courtroom battles that stir nationwide curiosity and passion are few and far between. Two such cases are scheduled to begin early this year—the trial of Sirhan Sirhan, who is accused of assassinating Senator Robert Kennedy, and that of James Earl Ray, who is accused of murdering Martin Luther King Jr. Whether or not either defendant can get a fair trial will depend largely on the skill and fortitude of two men: Judge Herbert Walker of the Los Angeles County Superior Court, and Judge W. (for Walter) Preston Battle of the Shelby County Criminal Court in Memphis.

Career Capstone. Sirhan's trial opens before Judge Walker this week in an eighth-floor Los Angeles courtroom. Lawyers who have had no professional experience before Walker, 69, are sometimes deceived by his white hair and avuncular manner outside the court. On the bench, says one Los Angeles lawyer who has practiced before him, "Walker is crusty and rough." Nor is he about to ease off now, even though he is planning to retire in July. He looks on Sirhan's trial as the capstone of his career.

It is a career based on a broad variety of experience. After his Vermont printer father died and his mother entered a mental institution, Walker found himself on his own at 14. He served aboard the battleship *Kentucky* in World War I, later finished his schooling while holding down part-time jobs, one as an oil-field roustabout and another as a hat-check boy in a dance hall. After earning undergraduate and law degrees at the University of Southern California, he worked first for the state, mainly investigating the licensing of stock brokers, and later for the Los Angeles County district attorney. He practiced law on his own for seven years. Then, in 1953, Governor Earl Warren appointed him to the bench.

Deeply religious, Walker is a member of the national executive committee of the Episcopal Church, a denomination that opposes capital punishment as a



WALKER IN HIS WORKSHOP
Don't be deceived.

matter of principle. "I believe in the separation of church and state, and I intend to make my rulings by the law," Walker said in 1967 at a two-week hearing on the death penalty in California. The death penalty, he ruled, does not violate the Constitution.

To accommodate newsmen who do not have seats for the Sirhan trial, Walker has provided for closed-circuit television to bring the action to a room beneath the courtroom. Last week, however, he refused to permit videotapes to be made for possible future broad-



BATTLE WITH HIS DOG
More than the machine.

casts. He also plans to confine the jury to a hotel during the trial, partly to prevent them from reading news reports that might influence them. "There are two kinds of press, responsible and irresponsible," he has said jocularly, "and I intend to protect the proceedings from both of them."

A Modest Man. Judge Battle, 60, who will preside at the Ray trial, has already learned that the press does not always obey. Long before the trial, which has been continued to March 3, Battle issued an order against any prejudicial statements to the news media by lawyers, witnesses and others involved in the case. Still, *Look* published two articles by William Bradford Huie, a journalist who has bought exclusive rights to Ray's story and has also interviewed several potential witnesses. Reporting that Ray was hired in Canada to do some smuggling for a man named Raoul, Huie suggests that both men were part of a plot to kill Dr. King.

While he has not yet tried to punish Huie, Battle last autumn cited four other men for contempt because of articles about the trial published in Memphis newspapers. Though he is modest and taciturn, Battle does not intend to be pushed around by the participants in the case—not even by the suave and explosive Percy Foreman of Houston, Ray's lawyer. According to one Memphis attorney, who knows Battle's style: "He can eat you out all of a sudden without your ever knowing it's coming and without changing his expression."

Beating the Bottle. Born into a family that cherishes its Confederate past, Battle graduated from Washington and Lee University and then from Memphis State University Law School. A pal of Political Boss Ed Crump's son, he was appointed assistant district attorney of Memphis in 1934, later became one of the city's top criminal lawyers. Over the years, he had to lick a drinking problem; today he gives talks to Alcoholics Anonymous groups so that others may profit by his example.

Having beaten the bottle and built a lucrative practice, Battle surprised everyone in 1959 by deciding to run for his current judgeship, which pays only \$15,000 a year. He frankly admits that he was attracted by a pension equal to 75% of his salary. But Battle has proved to be more than a mere machine politician putting in time on the bench while he waits to retire. He has been a courageous judge. In one highly unpopular decision, he dismissed an indictment against a Memphis theater manager who had been charged with possessing and planning to screen a French film entitled *I Spit on Your Grave*, which showed nude love-making by interracial couples. Battle found the state's obscenity law unconstitutional because it failed to meet requirements spelled out by the U.S. Supreme Court. "They told me I'd be opening a Pandora's box for children," says Battle about the ruling, "but I have to call 'em as I see 'em."

TELEVISION

NEWSCASTING

Cloaking Pitfalls in Smiles

If Walter Cronkite is the father image of broadcast journalism and David Brinkley the cool analyst, Harry Reasoner of CBS is television's friendly next-door neighbor. Other commentators are effervescent or stern, puckish or olympian, earnest or remote. Reasoner comes across as warm, witty and involved not only with the news but with his audience as well. Everything about his face—the grey-white shock of hair, shaggy temples, rugged chin, deep smile lines flanking a spreading nose—seems square, safe and reassuring in a chaotic world. His manner brings viewers a message that middle-class values and Midwest calm still endure.

Reasoner's style has kept him rising through CBS echelons until he now delivers the Sunday night television news and a daily radio essay as well as continuing his wry documentaries on the English language, chairs, women and other necessities. He also narrates special programs and often substitutes, as he did again last week, for Cronkite on the network's flagship early-evening newscast. This season, Reasoner has been a mainstay on *60 Minutes*, a Tuesday-night television newsmagazine that appears every other week and on which he alternates quarter-hour features with Mike Wallace. This week rival NBC is paying it the supreme compliment—imitation at twice the length—by launching a two-hour monthly magazine of its own called *First Tuesday*.

No *Guarantees*. Reasoner's appeal to devotees is his ability to cloak the pitfalls of life in smiles. His rueful comment on losing a billfold, with all its credit cards and documents of identity: "Life is laid out there on the desk, the circumstance of a respectable existence, and I'd hate to spend another day with nothing but an honest face to prove my right to a place in the Great Society." Sometimes accused of being too light, Reasoner said in an interview last week: "I think light is just as much a part of news as heavy. What I resent is the implication that merely because you see something funny, you are going to take that attitude toward everything." He explains that when he started writing his quips, "I wouldn't guarantee to write one every day. Sometimes the news just isn't funny."

Reasoner's fans are also served occasional acid. Two weeks ago on radio, he devised a game called *Homeowner*, in which "one person, designated the homeowner, immediately would be declared the loser, and the rest of the game would be spent determining how much he would lose." When Reasoner called the phone company to complain about digit dialing, the response made him fume: "They've got that defense in depth, whereby the first three people

you talk to know only one phrase each, like a chimp trained to press a lever for a banana-flavored pellet."

Highest Ranks. Reasoner sharpened his saws on the long road out of Dakota City, Iowa. He attended Stanford and the University of Minnesota, spent World War II in the Army, then returned to Minneapolis to be drama critic for a paper, write news for radio, and finally become a television station's entire news staff. He put in three years with the U.S. Information Agency in the Philippines before joining CBS in 1956. The father of seven children (boys 21 and 6, and five girls in between), he coped with diapers in Minneapolis while his wife Kay earned her law degree.

DAVID BARK



HARRY REASONER

Substitute into original.

As a "Protestant who has lived in amity with eight Catholics for 22 years," he says, "I have no comment on the pill." But he considers diapering behind him, and he is glad. He would "rather argue with a child than change it."

Now 45, he has written and talked his way into the network's highest news ranks. The substitute is becoming the original. "I'm not Walter Cronkite," he says, "but I can read a newscast pretty well. I'm not Mike Wallace, but I can do a pretty good interview." Reasoner's interviews tend to be love feasts because he lacks Wallace's instinct for the jugular or Cronkite's implacable persistence. Primarily, Reasoner is kind. "I've drawn as much blood as anyone," he insists, but Wallace retorts: "Then he switched to electric razors."

Producer-Writer Andrew Rooney, Reasoner's collaborator on the series of light documentary TV essays, insists: "It's easy to write for Harry because he doesn't really need me." Rooney

and others produce the bulk of Reasoner's copy, but he writes most of his own radio shows, all TV jokes and endings and often the opening passages. "I have a theory," Reasoner says, "that the quality of writing in broadcast journalism means a lot more to the success of your enterprise than anyone knows." Clichés make him sad, and he recalls his story of the man in Manila who said: "Oh no, not another damn beautiful sunset!"—and killed himself. The audience may not be aware of bad news-writing, he says, but "they feel vaguely uncomfortable and turn away."

Less Dapper. After a show, before commuting home to Westport, Conn., Reasoner likes to rehash his work over a drink. "I've sometimes thought I'm an intermissioner rather than an activist," says he. "Basically, I like to do good things for the nice feeling you have afterward." Sometimes the feeling is self-deprecating: "I come out less dapper than I think of myself."

He feels particularly good about *60 Minutes*, a style of program that has intrigued him for years. Dissatisfied with most hour-long documentaries (he finds them often boring, padded and inept), Reasoner predicts that the segmented, magazine style will spread on television. CBS carefully watches rival NBC as it moves ahead with its two-hour version. The prospect adds just a touch of spleen to Reasoner's generosity as he offers the competition a suggested alternative title: "*120 Minutes*."

PROGRAMMING

Documentary as Art

Despite Harry Reasoner's discontent with the unbroken, hour-long documentary, the format is hardly in danger of falling into disuse. On one night alone next week ABC will pre-empt its entire schedule, including *Peyton Place* and *Big Valley*, for a compute of four documentaries. The network will open its evening with No. 5 in Jacques Yves Cousteau's series of hymns to the sea. *To Love a Child*, a study of adoption's triumphs and travails, will follow. *Killy Le Champion* will show the skier involved in snowless pursuits. As it happens, the last of the evening's documentaries should be first.

Cosmopolis is John Secondari's attempt to assay the urban crisis, and it is so successful that it manages to transform TV journalism into art. Editing shots of teeming Tokyo and sprawling Los Angeles so that they follow one another with a kind of rhythm, the producer-writer-narrator never lets his visiting experts stay on camera too long. Instead, Secondari uses the visual part of his program to show what the architects' voices are talking about. Thereafter, he juxtaposes imaginative plans for cities of the future with the rot now growing at the cities' hearts. The combination is disturbing, although Secondari has done his best to make it hopeful as well as ominous.

SCIENCE

S-4B BLASTING APOLLO 8 OUT OF EARTH ORBIT TOWARD THE MOON

Triumphant Return from the Void

Returning home to Houston early one morning last week, the Apollo 8 astronauts, who had seen some astonishing sights on their journey through space, seemed even more astonished to find a tumultuous welcome awaiting them. They had already undergone hours of preliminary debriefing sessions aboard the recovery carrier *Yorktown*, where their spaceship, blackened by its fiery re-entry into the earth's atmosphere, also got a scientific once-over. Flown from the *Yorktown* to Hawaii, the astronauts boarded an Air Force C-141 jet transport for a 10-hr. flight to Ellington Air Force Base, just five miles from Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center.

There, a crowd of more than 3,000 and dozens of banners and placards awaited their 2:12 a.m. arrival. "Good ride, Skypokes" and "Welcome home, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon and Captain Kirk," read the banners. As the crowd roared, the astronauts were greeted by NASA's Robert Gilruth, by their wives and by most of the astronaut corps. Spectators pushed through police lines to touch the sleeves of the astronauts' blue flight coveralls, to shake their hands and to ask for autographs. Astronauts Frank Borman, Jim Lovell and Bill Anders were clearly moved by the heroes' reception. "At 2 in the morning," said Borman, "I simply expected to get in my old blue bomb [his 1955 Chevrolet] and go home."

Scientific Booty. As the first men to circumnavigate the moon, the three will never again be able to return completely to their former lives. When they reached Houston, they had already been hailed in almost every nook and cran-

ny of their native planet, including a somewhat envious Soviet Union. As scientific booty from their journey, they brought back photographs, both moving and still, so marvelous as to beggar the imagination of even the most dreamful of their fellow earthlings. Now they faced a schedule that, to them, might be even more wearying than their historic voyage: weeks of press conferences, parades and tours.

Taking a break only on New Year's Day, the astronauts met daily in the Manned Spacecraft Center with NASA officials and scientists to review every detail of their trip to the moon, referring frequently to the 400-page flight plan and the 1,000-page transcript of radioed conversations between the spacecraft and earth. After completing their debriefing, they will travel to Washington this week for a press conference in the State Department auditorium. On the following day, they will be guests of honor in a New York City ticker-tape parade up Broadway and a state dinner hosted by Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Another parade awaits them in Houston on Jan. 13, and they have been invited to the Nixon Inaugural. There were rumors at week's end that the astronauts might also make a world tour, including stops in Russia.

Everything indicates that the Soviets would welcome them. Awaiting the astronauts' arrival in Houston was a telegram from ten Russian cosmonauts who have made successful spaceflights. "We followed very closely each stage of your flight," it read, "and note with satisfaction the precision of your joint work and your courage, which contributed to the excellent completion of this im-

portant experiment. We are confident that the exploration of outer space will greatly benefit earthmen. We congratulate you on a successful step toward this noble goal." In contrast to the terse and often dour notices that have frequently followed U.S. space accomplishments, Tass hailed the Apollo 8 voyage as an "outstanding" success that "opens a new stage in the history of space research." Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny sent a cable to President Johnson calling the flight "a new accomplishment in conquering the outer space by man."

Russia was not alone in its praise. Pope Paul stated that the "very remarkable space achievement of the astronauts" should enrich mankind's spiritual life. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson cabled that the flight "has added a new dimension to our appreciation that this is indeed one world." There were similar messages from U.N. Secretary General U Thant, French President Charles de Gaulle, Premier Eisaku Sato of Japan, King Hassan of Morocco and a host of other world leaders. Even Havana radio contributed to worldwide reaction by presenting lengthy and approving appraisals of Apollo 8's moon mission.

Ethereal Beauty. The world's admiration became even greater with the publication of the pictures shot by Astronaut Anders on the way to and from the moon and during lunar orbit. They are the first color-film closeups of the moon and the first color views of the earth from deep space. They show views of the moon never before seen by man and some lunar features previously undetected by the cameras aboard unmanned vehicles. They reveal the distant earth as a globe of ethereal beauty that understandably evoked feelings of nostalgia in the Apollo astronauts.

Soon after they had left earth orbit and headed toward the moon, the astronauts pointed Apollo back toward earth and aimed a 16-mm. Maurer movie camera at the third-stage S-4B rocket, which had just been separated from the spacecraft. The resulting pictures show the receding rocket gleaming in the sunlight against a black sky as the blue, cloud-mottled earth hovers below. (Minutes earlier, Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory scientists atop a mountain in the Hawaiian Islands had used a Baker-Nunn telescopic camera to shoot a spectacular picture of the S-4B, about 120 miles high, blasting Apollo out of earth orbit toward the moon.)

The Apollo 8 movie sequences also include pictures of a reddish earth (shot through a filter on the navigation transit) glowing in the black sky. As Apollo orbits the moon in a nose-down position, the movies show the barren landscape flashing by only 70 miles below, then seemingly reversing in a dizzying maneuver as the capsule rolls into a new attitude. In other color shots, inside the cabin, viewers can see dimly

APOLLO 8: TOP LEFT, RIGHT, BOTTOM LEFT

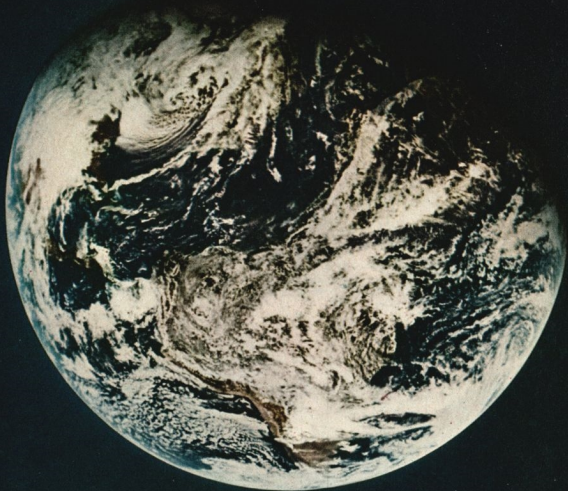
THE AWESOME VIEWS FROM APOLLO 8



PHOTOGRAPH BY NASA

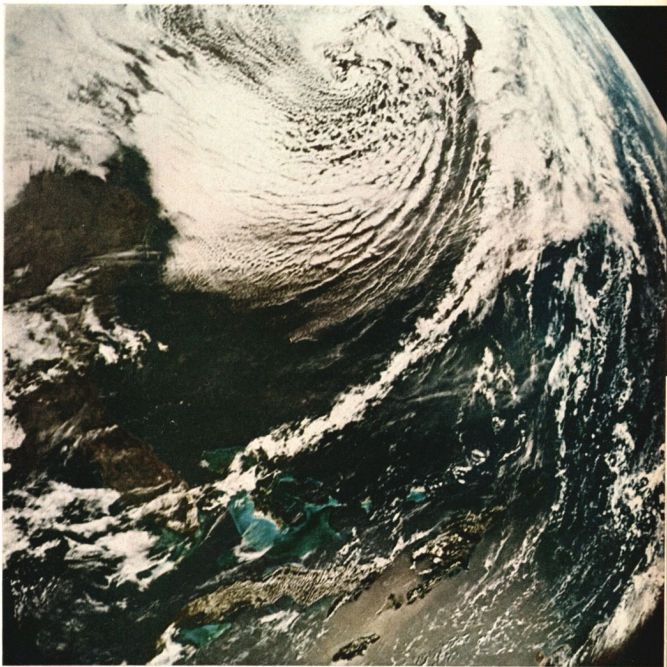
As the astronauts emerged from behind the moon for the first time after entering lunar orbit, they were greeted by a view of a half-earth 230,000 miles away, rising in the black sky—the first “earthrise” that any man has ever seen. On earth, the sun was setting along the terminator (the line that divides day and

night) running through the African continent, recognizable as a patch of brown at the bottom of the hemisphere. The desolate lunar landscape some 100 miles below is near the eastern edge of the side of the moon as seen from the earth. The stretch of lunar horizon in the photograph is about 110 miles long.



Looking back as they sped toward the moon, the astronauts saw the earth receding in the sky behind them. In this striking view, nearly the entire Western Hemisphere is visible, although much of the land mass is covered by swirling cloud patterns. Newfoundland and the mouth of the St. Lawrence can be

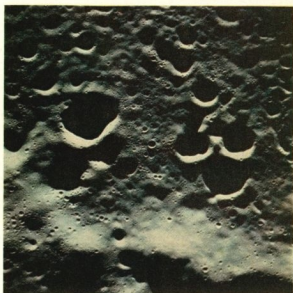
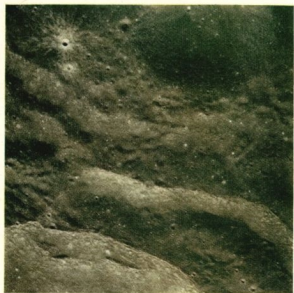
seen through a break in the clouds near the top left of the sphere, California and Baja California through another at the extreme left. Central America and the West Indies stand out sharply in brown against the bright blue water, and South America, largely cloud-covered, can be seen at lower center.



Shortly after leaving the earth orbit, the astronauts used a 70-mm. Hasselblad camera to shoot this "close-up" of the southeastern U.S. and the Caribbean. The Florida peninsula, including Apollo 8's Cape Kennedy launch site, is clearly outlined at lower left. Coastline of the U.S., running along left center of photograph,

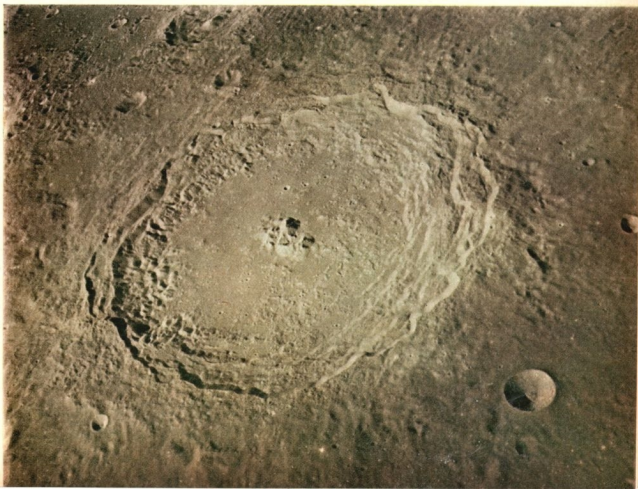
is visible as far north as Chesapeake Bay. The Bahamas and the islands of Cuba, Jamaica, Hispaniola and Puerto Rico lie in an arc across the bottom of the photograph, and the light blue of the shallow Bahama Banks stands out sharply against the darker blue of deeper water.

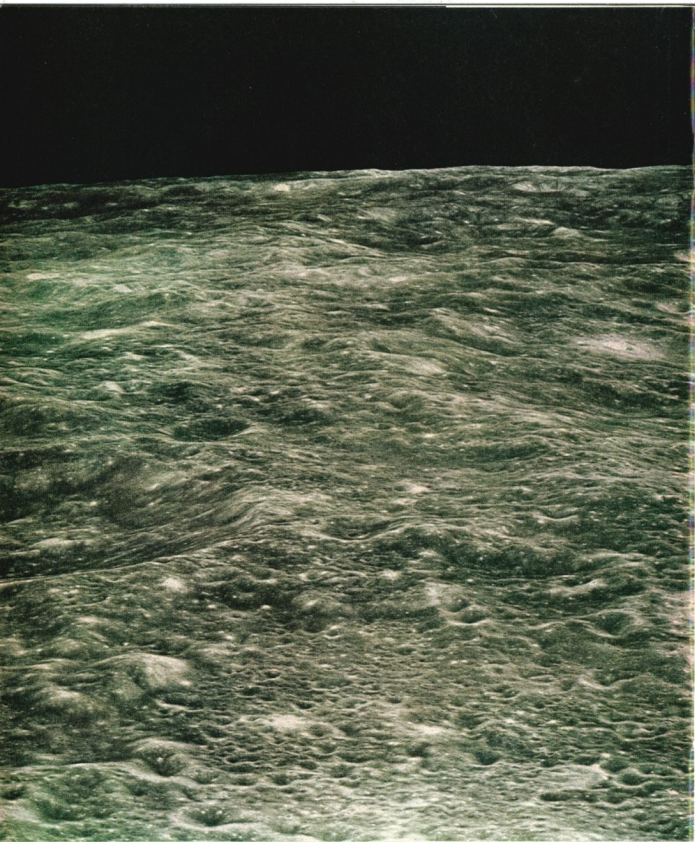




Swinging homeward, the astronauts take a last look at the backside of the moon (opposite page) never visible to earth-bound astronomers. The conspicuous white rays emanating from two large craters near the right edge were not apparent in previous photographs from unmanned Orbiter spacecraft. At top of the picture is the huge, 365-mile-wide Sea of Crises. Tele-

scopic closeups of the backside surface (above) show rugged, inhospitable terrain peppered with countless, small impact craters. The crater Langrenus (below), is also visible just to the right of the terminator almost at exact center of the picture opposite. It is 80 miles across, has a central peak and the terraced walls described by Astronaut Lovell.





"Vast . . . lonely . . . forbidding . . ." Grim vistas such as this, an extremely rugged area on the lunar backside near the crater Tsiolkovsky, led to

Astronaut Borman's gloomy verbal description from Apollo 8, "It would certainly not appear to be a very inviting place to live or work."

the astronauts shooting pictures out of the window, a flashlight hovering weightless in mid-cabin and finally twirling into place after being nudged by an astronaut's hand.

In lunar orbit, the astronauts also pointed a 70-mm. Hasselblad camera straight down at the lunar surface and shot strips of overlapping still pictures that NASA technicians will use for stereo pictures of the landscape. With these, they will be able to determine the height of crater walls, boulders and ridges with great accuracy. Other pictures, shot when the sun was between 3 and 7 degrees above the horizon, brought out surface features undiscernible in unmanned Lunar Orbiter pictures, most of which were taken with the sun much higher in the sky. Although the spacecraft win-

ding his Hasselblad, he used the remainder of his unexposed color film to shoot what Dietrich calls "an amazing series of moon pictures."

To the north, on the backside, these shots show a big, bright crater, previously unseen. Its presence had long been suggested to earthbound astronomers by whitish rays of material that extend from its rim over the lunar north pole and down onto the visible side. The Apollo photographs provided the first conclusive evidence that the crater did exist. The same series also revealed that two craters previously spotted by Lunar Orbiters were also heavily rayed, a feature that was not apparent in Orbiter photographs.

Even more information may eventually be gained from the Apollo 8 pic-



LOVELL, BORMAN & ANDERS AT DEBRIEFING IN HOUSTON
Facing a schedule even more wearying than the voyage.

dow and variations in film and in the reproduction of transparencies produced a yellowish tinge in some lunar photographs, blue and green in others, NASA scientists stress that the moon's true color is actually what the astronauts described: grey.

"An Amazing Series." After initial examination of the Apollo still pictures, NASA Geologist John Dietrich noted that the rills clearly visible on the lunar surface are similar to arroyos in the Western U.S. He suggested that they are "tension features caused by contraction of the delicate surface material." But the NASA scientist was most enthusiastic about a series of unscheduled lunar pictures shot by Astronaut Anders on the way back from the moon.

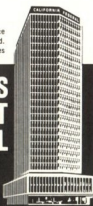
After Apollo 8's tenth revolution, when the Service Propulsion System (SPS) engine had fired to send the spacecraft back toward earth, Anders glanced out of the window and found himself looking at a view of the nearly full moon never before seen by man. From his vantage point above the eastern edge (as viewed from earth) of the moon, he could see both the front and hidden backside of the lunar surface. Unlim-

ited. Two rolls of black-and-white film, one of them containing overhead shots of a proposed lunar-module landing site, were poorly exposed. NASA has high hopes that details can be brought out by photographic experts who were hurriedly called to Houston last week, and that the reconstituted pictures can soon be released and shown.

New Platform. While excitement about the historic flight of Apollo 8 was still simmering, a door in Cape Kennedy's mammoth assembly building slid open. From inside, a 363-ft.-tall Saturn 5 slowly emerged, standing upright on a crawler-transporter as large as half a football field. Seven hours later, the giant rocket completed its 34-mile trip to launch pad 39B. Atop Saturn was the Apollo 9 spacecraft, which is scheduled to be launched into earth orbit on Feb. 28 for the first manned test flight of the lunar module (LM).

If all goes well on that test, and on the moon orbital flight of Apollo 10 in May, the world could see, by this summer, even more sensational pictures, shot from a platform never before used by a human photographer: the surface of

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MUSIC

CHAMBER MUSIC

Forewell to the Budapest

What is one Russian? An anarchist. Two Russians? A chess match. Three Russians? A Communist cell. Four Russians? The Budapest String Quartet.

For years, that was one of the music world's favorite jokes. Alas, no one will tell it any more: the Budapest String Quartet has apparently decided to call it a career. Its three oldest members—First Violinist Josef Roisman, 68, Violinist Boris Kroyt, 71, and Cellist Mischa Schneider, 64—are in poor health. Although there has been no formal announcement, they have agreed not to

LP and a third for stereo. Haydn, Schubert and Brahms were staples as well, and moderns like Bartók, Milhaud and Hindemith were regularly included. To everything they played, the foursome brought a Toscanini-like elegance of outline within which the music pulsed with expressive passion. Says Violinist Walter Trampler, their "fifth man" in quintet performances since 1955: "They had temperament and fire. Some people have lots of that, but they get carried away. The Budapest players were always in control."

One reason for their longevity as a group is that when not rehearsing or performing, they pursued separate lives, even refusing to travel together. When-

with his colleagues Roisman or Kroyt. Says Seattle Symphony Conductor Milton Katims, who preceded Trampler as the group's extra violinist: "It was like four married people trying to keep their relationship fresh and spontaneous."

Although aristocratically Old-World in manners, the members of the group were thorough democrats when it came to running the quartet. They shared its profits equally—at their financial peak in the '50s, they made about \$40,000 a year each—and put all disputes to a vote. Deciding interpretive questions at rehearsals, they avoided 2-to-2 deadlocks by assigning one player two votes for the music at hand. Roisman could sometimes swing a vote his way, even when in the minority. He would say quietly: "Doesn't Mozart get a vote?"

Bridge at Rehearsals. Occasionally, the group could also have fun together. Alexander would cut up a pinup photo, insert the tantalizing slices between the pages of his colleagues' music, then watch for the reaction when the others discovered the picture halfway through a concert. During a two-year period just before World War II, the men showed up every day for rehearsal, but never practiced a note. Kroyt's daughter accidentally discovered why and reported back to her mother: "Momma, they're playing bridge."

The Budapest Quartet probably hit an interpretive peak in the late 1930s and early '40s. Nothing reflected that better than its way with the mysterious, deeply spiritual last quartets of Beethoven. The ensemble's recordings of that period captured their particularly expansive style, in which they seemed to move as much above the music as with it. Although they lost some of their ease and sparkle in later years, they never sank below a remarkably high level of interpretive excellence. Even on an off night, they played with exactitude of tempo and emotional involvement that few other ensembles could match—the reflection of so many years of living together and apart.

The quartet has not played in public since February 1967, when Mischa developed a pinched nerve in his spine. Concerts were canceled indefinitely, pending his recovery; despite a recent operation, his left side remains partially paralyzed. Roisman has had a heart condition since 1960, and Kroyt is now recovering from an operation, but there was never any thought of resuming without Mischa. The music ended, the members of the quartet are satisfied with what the years have given them.

SINGERS

Blues Boy

Nobody performs the blues like B. B. King—except, perhaps, Lucille. Resplendent in an iridescent raspberry-red suit, King clutches his fists up beside his temples as his voice shifts from a plangent baritone to a falsetto wail: "Worry, worry, worry—the all I can do." Glittering in red, gold and mother-of-



THE BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET*

Reflection of so many years together and apart.

perform in public any more. Mischa's brother Alexander, 60, the second violinist, thinks that that is probably just as well. "Most artists play past their prime," he says. "How long could we have gone on without realizing that it was too late?"

The Budapest probably went on longer than any quartet in musical history, maintaining a continuity of style despite changes in personnel. It was a first-rate group when, in 1917, four string players from the Budapest Opera gave their first concert in Kolozsvár, Rumania. But it was the present members, all Russian-born, joining forces and talents in the late 1920s and early '30s, who made the Budapest the century's most popular string quartet—and the best.

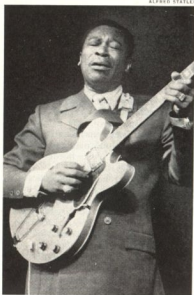
The group's "bread and butter," as Alexander Schneider put it, was the complete cycle of Beethoven's 16 quartets and the *Grosse Fuge*, which it performed almost every year. It also recorded the cycle three times—once in the 78-r.p.m. era, a second time in the early days of

ever they ate at Manhattan's Russian Tea Room, they sat at separate tables. "We'd talked enough at rehearsal—politics, human nature, the whole world situation," says Alexander Schneider. "It was important to separate as much as we could, so that we kept entirely separate personalities. Homogeneity is the worst thing in music."

Roisman, a fastidious man who always kept a hairbrush and a box of Sen Sen in his violin case, was fond of detective novels and long walks. The gregarious Alexander frequently went off to organize a party, or a concert, of his own. Kroyt loved nothing better than a fishing trip. Mischa, the unflappable perfectionist, had a weakness for gambling parlors.

It took 22 years before Roisman and Mischa addressed each other by their first names, and Alexander to this day has never attempted such informality

* Josef Roisman, Alexander Schneider, Mischa Schneider, Boris Kroyt.



B.B. KING AT THE VILLAGE GATE
With a girl named Lucille.

pearl, Lucille answers in a wordless, keening obbligato. King rides the beat with his whole body, nudging it with his knee, slashing across it with his voice. Lucille skitters in and around it, then swoops up to hover on long, suspended blue notes that make King grimace with pleasure. King is all surging masculine power. Lucille is all sinuous womanly grace. If listeners are more moved by her than by him, King does not mind. Lucille is "the one girl I can depend on"—his electric guitar.

Between them, King and Lucille are producing some of the most potent, polished blues the nation has ever heard. It has taken white audiences 20 years to discover them. Until early in 1968, King was locked into a dreary circuit of one-nighters—sometimes more than 300 a year—in big-city ghetto clubs and back-country roadhouses and shacks. Unlike such performers as Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, he was not flamboyant or commercial enough to cash in on the rock-'n'-roll explosion of the 1950s. Unlike such country stylists as Son House and Mississippi John Hurt, he was not primitive enough to be taken up in the folk revival of the early 1960s.

Touchstone of Grit. Then came the recent wave of white, blues-oriented rock. King's guitar style suddenly started echoing the playing of gifted youngsters like Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton and Larry Coryell, who singled him out as a touchstone of musical sincerity and grit. Two years ago, King made his debut at San Francisco's temple of rock, the Fillmore Auditorium. In the past year, he has made his first European tour and started getting college concert dates. And he has just finished his first extended Manhattan-nightclub booking, a week at the Village Gate. The booking involved another new phe-

nomen for him: standing ovations from a predominantly white audience.

*I've been a good man, although
I'm a poor man—understand?*

"People are starting to go with me," says King, 43. "I think it's because they know I'm not kidding out there. Blues is a message, and they're getting it." The message comes through in long, twisting melodic lines and canny phrasing that betray King's relatively sophisticated influences: Count Basie's long-time vocalist Jimmy Rushing, Jazz Guitarists Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian. But his emotional essence is the pain, stoicism and earthy humor of an ancient heritage:

*Some day, baby, when the blind man
calls my name,
You won't be able to hurt on me no
more, woman,
'Cause my heart won't feel no more
pain.*

Point of Honor. A native of the Mississippi Delta, King left school after the ninth grade to work as a farm laborer. He learned to play the guitar from an uncle who was a Baptist minister, sang in gospel groups, performed for coins on the street corners of dusty Southern towns. In 1948, he moved to Memphis and started out as a disk jockey and singer, billing himself as the "Beale St. Blues Boy." That was soon shortened to Blues Boy, finally to B. B. (his real first name is Riley).

Despite temptations to slick up his style for commercial appeal, King has made it a point of honor to remain an uncompromising blues boy. "I'm me," he says. "Blues is what I do best. If Frank Sinatra can be tops in his field, Nat Cole in his, Bach and Beethoven in theirs, why can't I be great, and known for it, in blues?" Today the answer seems to be: he can.

RECORDINGS

The Top Ten

What were the top hit LPs of 1968? *Billboard* magazine this week prints a chart of the 100 albums that dominated its bestseller lists during the year, as measured by rank and staying power. Predictably, there are no classical—and few jazz—releases among them. It was a year for pop albums, especially for those by the Beatles (of course) and by Simon & Garfunkel. Both had two releases in the magazine's Big Ten:

1. Jimi Hendrix: *Are You Experienced*
2. Simon & Garfunkel: *The Graduate*
3. Cream: *Disraeli Gears*
4. The Beatles: *Magical Mystery Tour*
5. Diana Ross & the Supremes: *Greatest Hits*
6. The Beatles: *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*
7. The Doors: *The Doors*
8. Simon & Garfunkel: *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*
9. Vanilla Fudge: *Vanilla Fudge*
10. Paul Mauriat: *Blooming Hits*

THE THEATER

OFF BROADWAY

Elegy for Lorraine

At 28, Lorraine Hansberry was the youngest American playwright and the first Negro to win the New York Drama Critics Circle Best Play of the Year Award, which she received for *Raisin in the Sun*. She died of cancer six years later in 1965, while her second Broadway play, *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, was running. *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*, which opened last week at Manhattan's Cherry Lane Theater, is a warm, loving tribute to her, put together from her own writings—journals, letters, snippets of plays.

It is also something of a milestone in the current white-black confrontation. It is suffused not only with hot anger at indignity and injustice but with a glowing concern for men and women as men and women. "There are no squares, sweetheart," one of the players says. "Everybody is his own hipster."

This aspect of Lorraine Hansberry's expanded humanity is enhanced by an interracial cast, in which whites as well as blacks speak for her in the first person—most notably bright, blonde Barbara Baxley and beautiful black Cicely Tyson. The production is necessarily episodic, fragmentary and uneven, but the cast, ably directed by Gene Frankel, works well as an ensemble to thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage, reminiscence and introspection. André Womble expertly manages a wide variety of black male parts, from an African nationalist to a runaway slave; John Beal does equally well as the nigger-hating home owner of *Raisin in the Sun* and, in a scene from an unfinished play, as a survivor of nuclear holocaust trying to teach some savage children what civilized man meant by beauty and music.

The evening is a moving reminder of how much the young, gifted and black Miss Hansberry is to be missed.



TYSON & BAXLEY IN "YOUNG"
All is hip.

ART

SCULPTURE

Carnival of Grotesques

Her father owned a saloon that stank of liquor, vomit and urine. Her mother did the cooking there and never had time for reading bedtime stories. That is how Sculptress June Leaf, 39, chooses to remember her childhood on Chicago's West Side. With such a past, it is not surprising that her artistic heroes are Hogarth, Klee and Ensor, or that she has learned, from the hippies she says, "to see the kaleidoscopic side of life and the mind."

"It's all so tepid in the galleries," she complains. One exception is Manhattan's Frumkin Gallery, where she is currently having her first major show. The collection is a gaudy carnival of approximately life-size figures, stuffed, covered with canvas and painted in bright clashing colors. The total effect is anything but tepid, the figures looking something like characters cut out of Godard's *Weekend*.

Miss Leaf, who teaches life class at Manhattan's Parsons School of Design and is married to Jazz Saxophonist Joel Press, describes how she developed her unusual style of sculpture: "I was watching a friend upholster a couch and I got excited looking inside and seeing all the springs and workings. I thought I could use similar materials to make some big figures." One of her early efforts was a huge, whorelike Statue of Liberty reclining on a couch, done as a float for the Freedom Day Parade in Manhattan. "I liked her, but

she was destroyed immediately by a band of Neo-Nazis," remembers Miss Leaf. "They tore her apart, I mean they really raped her."

Image of the Century. The grotesque, inane smiling figures in the present show are not much subtler. *Woman of Action* shows a vapid peroxide blonde, mouth agape and with a skull and crossbones on her belt. "This is the American woman," says Miss Leaf. "She's trying so hard to contribute to American culture and doing such a lousy job of it."

The biggest and most theatrical of all the Leaf works is *Street Dreams: The Ascension of the Pig Lady*, a grouping of nine characters set in a shallow stage framed by a proscenium arch. Cast as a waitress with porcine pink cheeks and a snoutlike nose, the pig lady is about to be plucked up to heaven by a man and woman sprawling across the top of the arch. Explains Miss Leaf: "If there was going to be another Messiah, it would appear in someone who would never expect it, like a waitress, and she would turn into a pig, a big pink pig." Why a pig? "Because maybe a pig is the image of our century." While everybody grins, including the pig lady herself, another man spits and jabs at her with a club, an allusion to last summer's Chicago police riot. At the last minute, Miss Leaf added a reclining harlequin out in front by way of welcome. "Everyone is in that picture," she says. That includes her mom, who is the painted lady, second from the left.

PAINTING

The Great Romantic

A frail, solitary boat pitches and tosses in an angry, moonlit sea. An apocalyptic horseman gallops around a desolate racecourse, scythe at the ready. Christ, risen from the grave, appears to Mary Magdalene in a somber garden, Macbeth conspires with the witches on a wind-blasted heath, and Siegfried happens across the Rhine maidens bathing seductively in a river bordered by strangely twisted trees.

Such were the romantic subjects chosen by Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917), the most eccentric, least prolific, most technically inept but arguably the most interesting U.S. painter of his time. While most of his contemporaries carried on with grandiose elaborations of the Hudson River School, Ryder strove to distill the simple and essential. Later, while the impressionists were turning everybody's eyes toward the light, Ryder studied structure. Later still, when other U.S. painters were studying ashcans and back-yard realism, he stubbornly continued to dream of symbols and eternal truths.

Reveries by Night. There has been one big problem in appreciating Ryder's work: he painted with an utter disregard for basic technique. He piled paint layer upon layer, to thicknesses of a quarter of an inch, often returning to work on a canvas while it was still wet. He found it almost impossible to think of a painting as finished, frequently took back ones he had sold and completely reworked them. He called the process "ripening" and likened himself to an inchworm reaching out tentatively into space from the end of a leaf. "I am trying to find something out there beyond the place on which I have a footing," he said. The result was that each canvas, with its endless layers of paint drying at different rates, was sure to crack and darken with age.

Born in New Bedford when it was still a whaling port, he was the youngest of four sons of a fuel dealer. The family moved to New York when he was about 23, and an older brother turned restaurateur helped send him through art school. Ryder lived in Greenwich Village and later in a West Side rooming house, where he slept huddled beneath piles of worn-out overcoats on a floor that was heaped to a height of two feet with yellowing newspapers, empty cans, cheese rinds and mice months dead in the traps he had set for them. Troubled with weak eyesight since childhood (and later by gout, malnutrition and kidney disease as well), he stayed indoors during the day, roamed the streets of Manhattan by night, dressed in tatters, often pausing in a reverie to stare at the moon for minutes at a time.

Ryder produced only some 160 paintings, left most of them unfinished and parted with few. Strangely enough, the world's largest collection of completed



JUNE LEAF WITH "THE ASCENSION OF THE PIG LADY"
The kaleidoscopic side of life and mind.

RYDER RESTORED

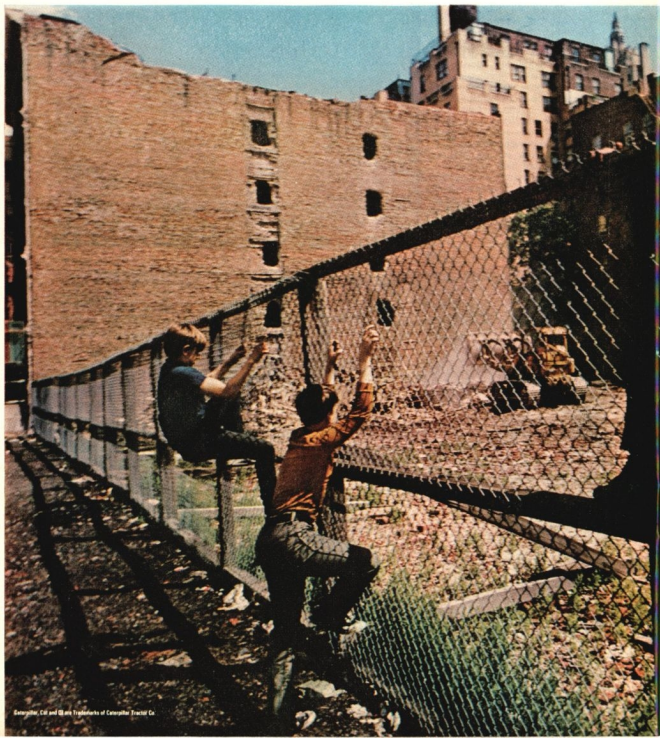
For admirers of the 19th century romanticist Albert Pinkham Ryder—who was a thoroughly unorthodox technician—cracked canvases and peeling paint have long prevented a full appreciation of his work. Three years ago, the National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington took down its 18 Ryders and set about a program of thorough cleaning and conservation. Now rehung and restored to much of their original luster, they afford a fresh look at the iconoclastic painter. Among the most lustrous are *Christ Appearing to Mary* (right), one of Ryder's few religious pictures, and *The Flying Dutchman* (below), which was inspired by Wagner's opera.



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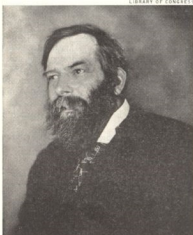
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Ryders was stashed away for years (from 1929) in the storerooms and corridors of Washington's Smithsonian Institution. Seventeen of the 18 were the gift of a New Yorker named John Gellatly, an eccentric who had the wit to marry money and the eye to pick Ryder as the American painter who could hold his own with the Europeans. In a final exuberance, Gellatly gave his whole \$5,000,000 collection to the Smithsonian, leaving himself and his second wife with only a \$3,000-a-year annuity. When he died, she sued—but the museum kept the paintings.

In the years that followed, the Ryders moldered in the Smithsonian's cramped spaces. At last, when Congress approved a new gallery for the National Collection of Fine Arts in 1958, the Smithsonian could look forward to having a proper showcase for its Ry-



RYDER AT AGE 66

Like an inchworm groping into space.

ders. It commissioned Art Restorers Sheldon and Caroline Keck to rehabilitate Ryder's ravaged oils.

The Kecks stripped off the canvas backing. On the hot table, they flattened ripples and smoothed out cracks, working the paint back together and touching it up where necessary with judicious "inpainting." At least once, the Kecks had to scoop out from the back of a picture underpaint that had never dried and was still gooey.

Now on proud display in the N.C.F.A.'s new gallery, the paintings are suffused with something approximating their original unearthly aura, a weird kind of radiant half-light that Ryder thought of as "golden luminosity." It floods across the two foreground figures in *Christ Appearing to Mary*, painted about 1885. It pulses in the background of *The Flying Dutchman*, which shows the phantom ship gliding across the horizon behind an open boat manned by three storm-tossed mariners. As Ryder remarked: "What avails a storm cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein?" In this painting, the storm is undeniably there.

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BEHAVIOR

SOCIOLOGY

Exploring a Shadow World

Man as a social being divides his allegiance among a wide assortment of groups. The state, of course, is one, the family another. In between, there wheels a boundless galaxy of personal commitments and involvements, from the church committee to the golf club, all of which make rival membership claims on the individual and also serve to define who, what and where he is.

None may be more important to life than the type of event that Sociologist Erving Goffman calls "gatherings." These human groupings are often so

Goffman has developed this proposition in six books.* They have cemented his reputation as one of the most illuminating—and disturbing—cartographers of that shadowy terrain where man plays at being a social animal without fully understanding exactly what he is doing. Some sense of the disquieting Goffman perspective can be gained from his elliptical revisions of prevailing human values, which are sown like land mines through his books. Social man is not an entity but "a dramatic effect"; all social encounters are theatrical performances. In a marriage proposal, the suitor, who may think that he is swearing his love, "sums up

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MANHATTAN COCKTAIL PARTY.

All men are known by the bonds that hold them.

FREDERICK A. MEYER



GOFFMAN

fleeting and informal as to be unrecognizable as social functions—a ride in an elevator, two strangers passing on the street. They also include such emphatic events as the cocktail party. No less than the state and the family, the gathering has its own rules and laws. It is Goffman's contention that without the implicit obedience that these laws of behavior systematically command, the grander and more visible forms of human association would probably be unworkable. Society itself might fall apart.

Transgressing the Order. "More than to any family or club," writes Goffman in his book *Behavior in Public Places*, "more than to any class or sex, more than to any nation, the individual belongs to gatherings, and he had best show that he is a member in good standing. Just as we fill our jails with those who transgress the legal order, so we partly fill our asylums with those who act unsuitably—the first kind of institution being used to protect our lives and property; the second, to protect our gatherings and occasions."

his social attributes and suggests to a woman that hers are not so much better as to preclude a merger."

Tranquil Sleep. The same unsettling effect is produced by the Swiftian irony that Goffman brings to his appraisal of the human scene. To him, a hanging is a social event, circumscribed, just like a one-day sale or a picnic, by rules calculated to make the performance go smoothly. For this reason, he says, a "table of drops" based on body weight was worked out by long experience "so that the length of the free fall would neither leave the man to wriggle nor tear off his head." The true stagecraft of a funeral, says Goffman, is found "backstage," away from the flower-bedecked parlor. "If the bereaved are to be given the illusion that the dead one is really in a deep and tranquil sleep, then the undertaker must be able to keep the bereaved from the workroom where the

corpses are drained, stuffed and painted for their final performance."

Goffman's thesis—he declines to call it a theory—rests on a fundamental assumption: all rational human beings share, without necessarily knowing that they do, a desire for public order. Society is founded on an unspoken mutual trust. The pedestrian assumes, without thinking, that the driver has no motive for running him down. Instead of fatally beating a fellow passenger who has borrowed his newspaper, the commuter can be expected to limit his objections to words or gestures directed at recovering his property.

As dissembled by Goffman, any social occasion takes on the convoluted determinism of a chess game, in which the moves vary widely but follow strict and unforgiving rules. For example, a man in an office answers his phone. While he is talking, what should his office visitor do? The rules forbid listening. They also forbid just sitting there doing nothing, which could support the suspicion that he is listening. So the visitor studiously exhibits what Goffman calls "civil inattention." Unable to avoid overhearing one side of the phone conversation, he feigns another activity—gazing out the window, ostentatiously lighting and puffing a cigarette—thus conveying or seeking to convey the impression that his attention is directed elsewhere.

Sympathetic Smile. Such behavior indicates a considerable dependence on the complicity of the audience, which is expected to accept the performance at its face rather than at its true value. In considerate society, the audience seldom lets the performer down—in part, as Goffman repeatedly notes, because the roles of performer and audience interlock. A man rushing for the bus dons a sheepish smile to indicate his awareness of how silly he looks. His observers reward his performance—that is, the smile—by smiling sympathetically back. With this response, they become performers, and the bus chaser becomes the audience.

The penalties for breaking the rules can be serious. Even minor infractions provoke them. Goffman has described the restrictions imposed on suitable behavior in the rain. A man in a trenchcoat will naturally pass muster. So will one who is coatless, as long as he suggests by his deportment—hunched shoulders, an impromptu newspaper umbrella—that he is alive to his predicament. So will arm-locked young lovers, sublimely indifferent to their drenching. But someone who walks along unprotected and apparently unaware of the downpour is likely to evoke a startled and uneasy response.

The reason, says Goffman, is that he offends the hidden code of behavior to which all "normal" people subscribe. The man oblivious to the rain is guilty not just of a trivial impropriety, but of the greater sin of social unpredictability. No one can guess with any assurance what ceremony he will next profane.

* Besides *Behavior*, they include: *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, *Asylums*, *Encounters*, *Stigma* and *Interaction Ritual*.

No one can be sure of his respect of public order, without which society would regress to the jungle. Goffman is still exploring the patterns of behavior at social gatherings, which he believes have all the systematic qualities of a language. He is also at work on another book that will apply his own experience as a Twenty-one dealer in Las Vegas to the social milieu of a gambling casino.

Broken Rules. Goffman's search for the key to this nonverbal language began at the University of Chicago. Born 46 years ago, in Mannville, Alberta, the son of a dry-goods merchant, he graduated from the University of Toronto and went to Chicago for dissertation work in sociology. There he came under the influence, which he fully acknowledges, of Charles Horton Cooley and G. H. Mead, whose theories on personal interaction, small groups and the social character of the self still inform sociology courses. An energetic and devoted scholar who avoids formal social gatherings, Goffman is currently a research professor at the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1955, before joining the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley, Goffman spent a year of research at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D.C. His experiences there, recorded in *Asylums*, strongly affected his developing theories on social behavior. Goffman's understanding of mental patients borrows more from the unwritten rules of social occasions than from psychiatric theory. In his opinion, many inmates are simply people who have so flagrantly broken the rules of seemingly behavior that they have been dismissed from the game. "I know of no psychotic misconduct," Goffman has written, "that cannot be matched precisely in everyday life by the conduct of persons who are not psychologically ill nor considered to be so." Life in mental hospitals—"storage dumps" is one of his kinder descriptions—also has its rituals. The patient who throws feces at an attendant, Goffman argues, is using a ceremonial idiom "that is as exquisite in its way as a bow from the waist. Whether he knows it or not, the patient speaks the same ritual language as his captors; he merely says what they do not wish to hear."

Eclectic Scholar. Such mordant views have made Goffman something of a maverick in his field. His work has been attacked as overspeculative, his scholarship as too eclectic; in illustrating a point, he is as likely to quote from a novel as from a sociological text. Goffman has also been accused of insulating his theories with purely supportive evidence. Then too, there may be some unexpressed envy on the part of his sociological peers about the fact that Goffman can write well; although his books have pages of jargon, they are enlivened with passages of dazzling clarity and wit.

Even his critics concede that Goffman has skillfully explored an area of life

that has until now been both neglected and misunderstood. "The individual is known by the social bonds that hold him," writes Goffman in *Behavior in Public Places*. "And through these bonds he is held to something that is a social entity with a life substance of its own." However trivial social exchange may seem at the levels Goffman examines, "it is out of these unpromising materials that the gossamer reality of social occasions is built. We find that our little inhibitions are carefully tied into a network, that the waste products of our serious activities are worked into a pattern, and that this network and this pattern are made to carry important social functions. Surely this is a credit to the thoroughness with which our lives are pressed into the service of society."



GRUBY WITH SOUTHPAW IRON
Potential market of 34 in every 100.

CHARACTERISTICS

Left in a Right-Handed World

An estimated 260 million people around the globe live left-handed lives in a right-handed world. Leonardo da Vinci and Alexander the Great were left-handed, and so were Babe Ruth, Michelangelo and Charlemagne. The left hand rules Charlie Chaplin, Robert S. McNamara, Sandy Koufax, Kim Novak and Ringo Starr. They are known as southpaws, gallock-handers, chickie paws and scammies—and on down a whole list of slangy synonyms whose very length testifies to the fact that for centuries left-handers have been looked upon with suspicion, if not with actual mistrust.

In the Middle Ages, for instance, the left-hander lived in danger of being accused of practicing witchcraft. The Devil himself was considered a southpaw, and he and other evil spirits were always conjured up by left-handed gestures. Even today, language expresses the general prejudice against left-handers. A left-

handed compliment is actually an insult, the Latin word *sinister* (left) has taken on a, well, sinister cast, and the French word *gauche*, which means left, is used to describe a socially awkward person. In Moslem societies, the left hand is considered unclean.

Mild Advantages. The causes of left-handedness remain obscure. Some authorities believe that environment plays a significant role in the child's choice of handedness, while others maintain that heredity is all. Little is known about the problem beyond the fact that the left-hander must learn to fend for himself in a world that seldom pays any heed to his special needs. Production lines grind out an endless assortment of tools and equipment designed solely for the right-hander, with only occasional exceptions for lefty. Left-handed golf clubs can be found, but usually they must be specially ordered; there are also left-handed ice-hockey sticks and baseball mitts. Sports, as it happens, is one of the few areas where the southpaw has even mild advantages. Port-siding boxers and tennis players generally enjoy at least a mild advantage over a right-handed foe.

In social situations, however, there are distinct drawbacks: at dinner parties, left-handers find themselves tangling elbows with their partners unless they have had the foresight to seize a chair at the left end of the table. The constant irritations of domestic life are multiplied for the southpaw. Scissors do not work properly, and neither do can openers. Subway turnstiles are right-hand oriented, soldiers salute with the right hand and solemn oaths are sworn the same way.

Cricket Bats. A few shops now cater to left-handers who either cannot or will not adjust to a right-handed world. One of the most interesting—run by a right-hander, surprisingly—is Anything Left-Handed, Ltd. in London's West End. Its director, William Gruby, 39, opened his store late last year after giving a dinner party at which he and his wife found that their four guests were all left-handed and all perfectly willing to complain bitterly about the nuisances of life in a right-handed world. Doing market research, Gruby found that shop clerks treated his inquiries with some Dark Ages-style rudeness. When he asked for a left-handed can opener, for instance, he was asked if he wanted a left-handed can as well. He stocks left-handed versions of most types of kitchen hardware, irons, and also carries artists' palettes, dressmakers' scissors, surgeons' knives, pruning shears and cricket bats.

Potentially, the market for southpaw-oriented commercial ventures is four times greater than the 8% of the population that is now estimated to be left-handed. "If there were no interference on the part of parents and teachers," says Dr. Bryng Bryngelson, a Minnesota psychologist, "34 out of every 100 children born today would become left-handed."

SPORT

FOOTBALL

The New Champ

Any college football player would consider a 10-0 season, a 27-16 Rose Bowl victory over U.S.C. and an undisputed national championship a great way to wrap up a college career. For eleven of Ohio State's 22 starters on the offensive and defensive platoons, that is just the beginning. They are only sophomores.

To keep Coach Woody Hayes' Rose Bowl record perfect (3-0) last week, his youngsters had to fight from behind. Heisman Trophy Winner O. J. Simpson shocked them with a stunning 80-yd. dash in the second quarter, to give U.S.C. a 10-0 lead. In making his breakaway run, Simpson squeezed through a closing hole at his own left tackle, then showed Ohio State some of the swift acceleration and one of the greatest change-of-direction cuts ever seen on any football field. He broke to his right, outran the Ohio State secondary and tore down the sideline unmolested.

Simpson's score might have demoralized a lesser team, but Ohio's Sophomore Quarterback Rex Kern simply huddled with the Buckeyes and told them, "I guess we'd better get rolling and quit messing around." With Kern at the controls, that was just what Ohio State did.

Son of a Lancaster, Ohio, barber, Kern was a high school star in football and basketball and was persuaded to attend Ohio State with the offer of being allowed to play both sports. In the Rose Bowl, his ball handling was superb. Play after play, his fakes fooled NBC television cameramen so badly that they lost the action entirely. A 69-yd. Ohio

State drive ended with Fullback Jim Otis scoring from the one; a 50-yd. drive to the Trojan 10 enabled Kicker Jim Roman to make good on a 26-yd. field goal with three seconds left and tie the score at halftime.

The second half was all Ohio State. Capitalizing on fumbles by Simpson and U.S.C. Quarterback Steve Sogge, Kern kept the Buckeyes in control of the ball. He lobbed two touchdown passes and easily earned selection as the game's most valuable player.

6-3-3 Defense

Thrilling as it was, the Rose Bowl contest could not match the game played later on in Miami for suspense. The Orange Bowl provided one of the wildest endings of any bowl game ever as Penn State defeated Kansas 15-14. Trailing 14-7 with just over a minute remaining, Penn State Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt hit Bob Campbell with a desperation pass from his own 49, and Campbell made it to the Kansas 3-yd. line. On third down, Burkhardt rolled out for the score. His pass for a two-point conversion failed, but Kansas was penalized for having twelve men on the field. On the second try, Burkhardt handed off to Campbell, who carried the ball over for the victory. A later look at game films indicated that Kansas may have had twelve men on the field for at least the last three plays. Quipped one Kansas coach: "No wonder we were able to stop them. The 6-3-3 defense is pretty tough to run against."

Some Kansas fans will undoubtedly criticize Coach Pepper Rodgers for the loss. But other football followers could only admire him. Late in the fourth quarter, while ahead 14-7, Kansas had the ball on the Penn 5-yd. line. It was fourth down and a yard to go; a field goal would almost certainly have put the game out of Penn State's reach. But Rodgers, who insists that college football ought to be fun, let his team take the gamble. Instead of trying for the field goal, Kansas went for a touchdown—and failed.

BASKETBALL

Boy from Trinidad Junior

Early last year, when U.S. Olympic Basketball Coach Hank Iba was trying to round up a team for Mexico City, he learned to his dismay that Lew Alcindor, the U.C.L.A. skyscraper, and several other Negro stars were planning to skip the Games. The best Iba could do for center was Spencer Haywood, 19, a 6-ft. 8-in. player from Colorado's Trinidad State Junior College. As it turned out, Haywood was more than good enough. With the agility and speed of a backcourt guard, he unnerved opponents by blocking numerous shots, scoring 145 points and leading the team in rebounds. "He's the best amateur basketball player I've ever seen,"



HAYWOOD AT THE OLYMPICS

Second best is more than good enough.

exclaimed the Yugoslav coach after the U.S. had defeated his team for the gold medal.

Now playing for the University of Detroit, Haywood has many a U.S. coach talking like the awed Yugoslav. Last week his average of 23.8 rebounds per game was best among major college players; he stood third in scoring (31 average) and ninth in field-goal percentage (62%), which places him ahead of Alcindor in the first two categories. In Detroit's 71-68 victory over then undefeated St. Bonaventure, Haywood bagged 15 points and 16 rebounds. His only apparent weaknesses: he can be forced into an occasional bad pass or haphazard shot.

Always Playing. Haywood was born in Silver City, Miss., the second youngest of six brothers who kept the family's backyard basket always in use. "Not one of them was less than 6 ft. 4 in.," Haywood says of his brothers. "I can't remember not playing basketball. If you didn't play, you got beat up." At 15, Haywood went to live with relatives in Detroit, where he came under the tutelage of Will Robinson, coach of Pershing High, who has since become his legal guardian. After leading Pershing to the state championship in his senior year, Haywood received more than 300 offers of college scholarships. He enrolled at Trinidad State but, after the Olympics, returned home to play for Detroit, where he can also study radio-TV in hopes of becoming a newscaster.

He is confident that he could have starred in the Olympics even if Alcindor and the boycotters had played. "I think I'm just as good as they are," says Haywood, who is hoping to prove it in a confrontation with Alcindor at the post-season N.C.A.A. tournament.



KERN IN ACTION AGAINST U.S.C.
On with the business as usual.

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EDUCATION

ADMISSIONS

Telling All to a Computer

The first computers had barely been put to work by college administrators a few years ago when students began complaining that they were being treated like so many IBM punch cards. Now prospective undergraduates are eagerly paying \$15 to get just that sort of attention. By having information about themselves put on punch cards, they are getting valuable help in choosing the right college. In a fast-growing computerized program called SELECT, a computer digests the answers to a four-part 283-item questionnaire in a matter of

perience in summer jobs at Sonar Radio Corp. Kurzweil had been working with computers since his junior high school days (at 14, he built and programmed a computer that wrote music). Both men agreed fervently that the process of college selection is a harsh trial of patience and endurance for most students. Together they raised \$1,300 to lease computer time and to pay 20 Harvard students for assembling and collating information on the nation's 3,000 institutions of higher learning. Klein and Kurzweil based their final evaluations of different campuses only on official publications. They rejected student ratings as too subjective and too variable from one institution to another.

Seeing into the Future. The publishing firm of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., which bought SELECT last fall for an undisclosed sum plus royalties, now has a full-time five-man staff at work in New York keeping the 2,000,000 items of data on the colleges up to date. SELECT is already producing a potentially valuable byproduct for the colleges. The abundance of information that is available from student answers to those 283 searching questions should help college administrators estimate future needs for faculty and facilities. It will also help in the design of courses that will be responsive to what a new crop of students is likely to demand.

PROFESSORS

A Most Modern Squabble

The Modern Language Association was founded in 1883 to advance "literary and linguistic studies." Ever since, the only justification for the word modern in the name has been that the association never concerned itself with classical Greek and Latin. Now there is another reason. The association, which is the nation's largest organization of college literature and language teachers, has been struck by the same sort of contemporary dissent that has been troubling campuses everywhere.

At the M.L.A.'s annual meeting in Manhattan, while most of the professors attending were socializing or seeking new jobs in the famous academic "slave market," a phalanx of activists from the New Left suddenly seized control. Before most members knew what was happening, the staid old association found itself passing resolutions opposing the "illegal and imperial" Viet Nam war, counseling opposition to the draft and denouncing government repression of such writers as LeRoi Jones and Eldridge Cleaver. For good measure, the dissenters also voted to table a proposed new constitution.

What most outraged many members was the unexpected election as second vice-president of M.I.T.'s Louis Kampf, a founder of the New University Conference, which seeks to involve scholars in political issues. The Modern Language

leadership had been so confident that the officially nominated candidate, Santa Barbara's Stuart Atkins, would win that an issue of its journal announcing his election had already been sent to press. Now, according to tradition, Kampf will become president in 1970.

Arresting Posters. The rebel cause got an unexpected boost when Kampf and two others were arrested for resisting removal of "radical" posters from the lobby entrance of Manhattan's Americana Hotel, where the three-day meeting was held during the holidays. By forcing the arrests, the hotel management fueled the suspicion of some dissidents that M.L.A. directors were colluding to repress them. After that, the business meeting offered them the opportunity to take over. Of 12,000 who

STEVE HANSEN



PROFESSOR LOUIS KAMPF
Phalanx from the left.

registered for the meeting, only 800 appeared for the voting, and the dissidents had a majority on most issues.

Less radical members of M.L.A. were appalled. "If the M.L.A. starts taking political stands," said Executive Council Member O. B. Hardison of the University of North Carolina, English department, "it may spell the death of this organization. This is an attempt by 300 people to control 28,000." On the contrary, says Kampf: "The association should stimulate its members to personal and active concern with educational and social issues."

The dispute creates a serious split in the M.L.A. Either the non-radicals will manage to end what they consider the dissidents' "subversion" or many of them will quit. The dissidents insist that it is not their aim to take over the association or drive its members out. All they want, they say, is to "put humanism back into the humanities." In the process, they are raising another problem: how to keep professors in the organization.



KURZWEIL & KLEIN
SELECT, don't settle.

seconds and compares the answers with its store of information about colleges. It then prints out letters to the students and their high school guidance counselors, listing ten to 15 colleges that most nearly meet the applicants' academic, financial and other requirements. Last fall alone, 10,000 students turned to SELECT for advice.

Guidance for the Guides. Such computer-aided college selection offers help with three increasingly pressing problems. The computer's prodigious memory relieves students of the fear that they may fail to apply to the right school simply because they have never heard of it. The computer also helps remove a burden from hard-pressed high school counselors. Finally, the program assures consideration for less well-known colleges that have empty places and need students but are all too often overlooked by applicants.

SELECT was developed by two undergraduates at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Bernard Klein and Ray Kurzweil. Klein had gained business ex-

MEMO

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TO All Personnel FROM Frank Sharpe DATE January 3, 1969

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Not history.

XEROX

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

The World's Elite

Most of the world's newspapers practice a "splashy, superficial, thoughtless and tenuous" journalism that offends readers only a "heterogeneous hodgepodge of triviality." After making that harsh generalization in an ambitious new book that assesses the press on a global scale, John C. Merrill, a professor of journalism at the University of Missouri, nonetheless contends that the number of "serious, intellectually oriented journals with cosmopolitan outlooks" is growing steadily. They constitute what he calls "the elite press," and that is the title of his book (Pitman; \$7.95). Merrill not only ticks off the top newspapers by name, but also ranks 100 of them in descending degrees to form the "Merrill Elite Press Pyramid."

Merrill, 44, holds a Ph.D. in mass communications from the University of Iowa and has spent three years checking out his impressions of foreign newspapers, including visits to the home offices of many of them. He defines the elite as "the concerned papers, the knowledgeable papers, the serious papers and the papers which serious people and opinion leaders in all countries take seriously." That definition embraces the captive press of authoritarian societies as well as the best of the free press in the West. Merrill's book provides brief profiles of 40 newspapers, but its value rests on its ranking of the papers. His pyramid places ten papers in a "primary elite," 20 in a "secondary elite," 30 in a "tertiary elite" and 40 in a "near-elite." The world's top ten, with Merrill's estimate of their strengths:

The New York Times—A proud, almost arrogant newspaper whose daily circulation goes to a special leadership audience around the world. Not everybody likes it, but nobody can ignore it. Although its reputation throughout the world probably exceeds reality, it leads all papers in its widespread collection of news and views. Its thoroughness is its chief distinction, and it is the standard against which other American papers are judged.*

Neue Zürcher Zeitung (Zurich)—The most individual, the most serious, the most responsible and the most cosmopolitan. From its lofty pinnacle in its neutral and freedom-loving country, it views all the world with a cold and intellectual detachment.

Le Monde (Paris)—The most remorselessly intellectual and the one that has made the fewest concessions to modern journalism. A paper of interpre-

tation, speculation and realistic conclusion, it possesses an uncanny ability to foresee developments. Calm, unhurried and placid, it consistently represents an intelligent left-of-center line. (It plans to begin publishing an English-language weekly version this winter.)

The Guardian (Manchester/London)—Catalyst to the nonconformist British conscience and representative of the most informed and intelligent sector of British progressive, liberal thought. Not a newspaper to which readers react neutrally, it has de-emphasized news in favor of criticism, interpretation and political polemic.

The Times (London)—Dignified and polite, uncluttered and well edited, with excellent writing and editorials that are highly polished and deceptively sharp. The Times is perhaps the one paper

that most readily comes to mind when thoughts turn to quality daily journalism.

Pravda (Moscow)—Without a doubt the calmest, most businesslike and most influential newspaper in the Soviet Union and perhaps in the world. As the guardian of the Party line, it takes a position on all questions of public life and the other media follow its lead.

Jen-min Jih-pao (Peking)—Primarily an instrument of the power elite, it resorts at times to exaggeration, half truths and outright falsification. More of a governmental bulletin board than a newspaper, it probably reaches more people than any other publication in the world.

Borba (Belgrade)—Compared with the press of other Communist nations, that of Yugoslavia is highly critical, discursive and intellectually lively. Borba manages to relate its stories to the daily affairs of its citizens and is not loaded with dry statistics. Its team of foreign correspondents is probably the best in Eastern Europe.

L'Osservatore Romano (Vatican City)—It reflects the Pope's thinking, presents news and opinion with serenity and a sense of history and has seen many persecutors and dictators come and go. Its influence far outstrips its modest circulation (about 70,000 daily), since its subscribers not only include the world's leading churchmen but also such diverse rulers as those in the Kremlin and Charles de Gaulle.

ABC (Madrid)—Intense and precise, it has set the tone of all Spanish journalistic writing. Its emphasis on literature, music and philosophy gives it an aura of intellectualism. It has suffered from stringent press laws, but has offset its inability to have pungent political articles by improving its nonpolitical pieces and pictures. It exercises considerable courage and skill in making its voice heard, sometimes with sly critical undertones.

WIRE SERVICES

Beyond Bang-Bang Bulletins

In hundreds of U.S. newspapers last week, readers found some version of the Louisville Times headline: U.S. MILITARY FUEL STOLEN IN THAILAND. In recent months, they have seen other accusatory headlines, including NAVY AWARDS JOB TO SUSPECT FIRM, STUDY SHOWS WASTE BY PENTAGON, LYNDIA BIRD'S PAL WINS CHILE POST AND ARMY'S M-16 PROGRAM IS "UNBELIEVABLE." All appeared above exclusive stories produced by what the Associated Press calls its Special Assignment Team, a group of Washington-based reporters with deceptively everyday faces and an unusual mission: to ignore daily deadlines in search of what its leader calls "the submerged dimension" of the federal government.

Described by one admiring colleague as "ten sons of bitches with table manners," the team is headed by Ray Stephens, 41, an 18-year A.P. veteran who contends that Washington has become

The New York Times

Neue Zürcher Zeitung

Le Monde

THE GUARDIAN

THE TIMES

ПРАВДА

人民日报

БОРБА

L'OSSERVATORE ROMANO

ABC

* U.S. dailies in the secondary group are the Christian Science Monitor, St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Washington Post. The third-ranking papers include the Baltimore Sun, Los Angeles Times, Louisville Courier-Journal, Miami Herald and Wall Street Journal.

too complex to be covered by the traditional "bang-bang bulletin" wire service approach. All too often, he claims, decisions affecting countless citizens or millions of taxpayer dollars are made by "an anonymous civil servant who is neither responsible to the electorate nor responsive to its voice." Pinpointing such officials and exposing governmental deception normally require weeks of persistent, tedious probing.

Dull as Death. Last week's fuel theft story, which charged that some U.S. military and civilian officials in Thailand had been bribed and others had been careless in allowing at least 5.5 million gallons of aircraft and other fuels to slip out of government hands, surfaced more easily than most. Lawrence Knutson, one of A.P.'s regional Washington desk hands, got a tip from a friend and turned to the team for help in checking it out. Team Member Gaylord Shaw phoned his sources at the Government Accounting Office, learned that GAO was already investigating the matter but had not revealed its findings. Shaw and Knutson secured a copy of the GAO report from Senator William Proxmire and broke the story.

More often, the team's tips come from reading what Stephens calls "some dull-as-death Government report that no man in his right mind would pick up if he wasn't getting paid for it." Jean Heller, 26, the team's only woman member, was scanning a routine list of Government contract awards when the name "Techfab" rang a faint bell. She checked her files, confirmed her suspicions that Techfab, a St. Louis manufacturer, was under study by a federal grand jury for allegedly accepting kickbacks on \$47 million worth of rocket launchers made for the Navy—and here was the Navy buying more from the same company. Jean's running stories finally impelled the Navy to seek competitive bids for the launchers in future purchases.

Team Member Don Rothberg, 34, who once ran a beatnik restaurant in Berkeley, got a guarded tip from a high military source: "If you dig far enough back into the history of the M-16, you might find something interesting." But it took him three weeks of rummaging through Congressional-committee hearings and long interviews with reluctant manufacturers and defense officials to produce his story on how mass production of the lightweight M-16 rifle, sorely needed in Viet Nam, had been delayed by Pentagon indecision for seven years. When the Army finally placed its orders, he discovered, it was paying General Motors \$316 for each gun, and Harrington & Richardson \$250, even while Colt was offering it for \$104. Moreover, the Army had rejected yet another bid, by the Maremont Corp., that would have saved \$20 million. Rothberg's stories touched off congressional probes and led to a law requiring the Army to consider price in contract awards.



A.P.'S SHAW & STEPHENS
Submerged dimensions.

Depth Beats Speed. Heller and Rothberg then spent a full five months, including line-by-line reading of 15 volumes of appropriations-committee hearings, to produce a highly critical series on defense-procurement practices. Team Member Dick Barnes, 30, a former editor of the Stanford Daily, examined 12,000 property records in Detroit to document just one claim in a story charging mismanagement of federal antipoverty funds in that city—the fact that a former business associate of Mayor Jerome Cavanagh had benefited from unusually high rents paid for the program's headquarters. Rothberg's reading of a dreary Soil Conservation Service report paid off when he noted that five corporations all had the same box number. Suspicious, he learned that one corporation had divided its farms into five groups to qualify for an extra \$2,000,000 a year in sugar subsidies—and that an obsolete definition of a farm, clung to by Agriculture Department bureaucrats, made this legal.

Even when the A.P. investigators miss their mark, they still sometimes score. Barnes jettied to Nassau and studied more than 2,500 land records in search of rumored links between island casinos and U.S. legislators. That fizzled, but along the way he dug up an exclusive story on the listing of a Bahamas gambling operation by the New York Stock Exchange.

The success of A.P.'s Special Assignment Team demonstrates a journalistic truth that the daily press still too often ignores: in an age of complexity, depth is often more necessary than speed. This kind of reporting may be more expensive and more exacting, but its result is also more satisfying. Team Editor Stephens insists that "we're having more fun than anybody in this business."

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MEDICINE

To Save the Heart: Diet by Decree?

MEDICAL researchers studying heart disease are coming reluctantly to a revolutionary conclusion. The Federal Government, they suggest, may have to intervene and decree a radical change in the prevailing American diet. This would involve taking most of the fat out of those marbled steaks and from those billions of gallons of milk, as well as altering the chemical constitution of cooking oils and fats.

Many conservative physicians recoil in horror from such a suggestion. But more and more investigators are beginning to despair of finding any other way to combat the ravages of heart disease, which results largely, they believe, from overindulgence in foods that are too rich in animal fats and sugar. Of course, no responsible researcher believes that diet is the sole cause of atherosclerosis, the form of coronary artery disease that leads to most heart attacks. Nonetheless, diet seems to be the factor most susceptible to correction.

Mushy Deposits. In their hunt for clues to the causes and mechanisms of heart disease, researchers have learned that huge populations in many parts of the world, notably in Japan, can be well fed and still remain virtually immune to the Western type of heart disease. Why?

Significantly, they eat little or no hard, or "saturated," fat.* They also eat little of the foods that contain much cholesterol, such as egg yolks, shellfish and organ meats. On the basis of early research, scientists assumed that the cholesterol found in mushy, atheromatous deposits in diseased coronary arteries came from the cholesterol consumed in foodstuffs. They had to abandon this simplistic view as soon as they realized that the human body manufactures cholesterol from several raw materials, notably the hard animal fats.

Medical researchers then began to campaign for 1) a reduction in the total fats in the American diet, and 2) a switch from saturated to polyunsaturated fats. Easier said than done. The diet of the average well-nourished American derives 40% of its calories from fats, 40% from car-

bohydrates (sugars and starches), and 20% from protein. Just as they refuse to cut down on cigarettes, most Americans refuse to cut down seriously on fats. A more practicable solution, it appeared, would be to change the kind of fat, from mostly saturated to mostly polyunsaturated.

No Difficulty. To see whether a diet modified in this fashion would be acceptable to the average American male, and whether his average wife would go along with it, the Cleveland Clinic's Dr. Irvine H. Page organized a federally financed study of 2,000 men who lived for up to two years on specially prepared foods. One thing that the Cleveland test proved was that the U.S. food industry has no difficulty in preparing such foods, and can certainly do so at a profit, provided there is sufficient consumer demand. It also proved that the diet was effective in lowering the men's blood levels of cholesterol—generally accepted as an index of potential damage to coronary arteries and therefore of the risk of heart attacks.

Page, along with many other cardiologists, now wants the U.S. Government to finance a far more comprehensive study, putting no fewer than 40,000 men on an engineered diet for ten years. The cost would be at least \$100 million.

At recent sessions of the American Heart Association and affiliated arteriosclerosis research groups, and of the American Medical Association, hundreds of cardiologists and angiologists, physiologists and epidemiologists, have presented scores of learned papers on the findings from their research on Ban-

tu and Eskimos, Finns and Yugoslavs, Norwegians and Japanese, Britons and Americans.

Among the most intensively studied Americans are the townsfolk of Framingham, Mass., where 6,500 men and women out of a population of 45,000 have had their blood pressure, cholesterol levels, weight and smoking habits checked for a dozen years against their development of heart disease and their incidence of heart attacks. The Framingham results to date, says Dr. William B. Kannel, indicate that a man with high blood cholesterol has almost three times the average risk of a heart attack. More alarming, if one man is exposed to two threefold risk factors—a heavy smoker with high blood cholesterol, for example—the two risks are not added together but multiplied, thereby giving him approximately a ninefold disadvantage.

These jigsaw pieces do not fit together into a neat picture. Dr. Robert H. Furman of the University of Oklahoma says that the dietary habits of men who have died of heart attacks, as compared with the diets of survivors of the same age, living on the same street, doing the same work, smoking as much and exercising as little, show no consistent difference. This means, to Furman, that the men who have heart attacks—in many cases, fatal—early in life are a metabolically distinct group. The trouble is that so far no one has found a quick test to determine who the susceptible men are, so that they might take special precautions.

Label Blackout. For the average man who has no special susceptibility, Furman believes, the customary diet can be altered without imposing hardship. The 40-40-20 ratio of calories from fats, carbohydrates and protein need not be modified, provided only that the nature of the fats is changed. Furman's prescription: twice as much polyunsaturated fat as saturated fat.

How can the average man tell how much polyunsaturated fat he is getting? That is difficult, says Furman, since the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has forbidden food manufacturers to state the polyunsaturated fat content on the labels of their cooking oils and margarines. The FDA contends that such a statement is meant as a health claim, and would be so regarded by consumers. The ban, says Furman, denies the buyer information to which he is entitled.

Regardless of the degree of saturation in his fat intake, every man is a highly complicated metabolic factory. His system stashes away some cholesterol in the tissues. It makes more cholesterol in the liver. It combines cholesterol and other fatty substances with proteins in two major forms, alpha and beta lipoproteins, so that they can circulate in the watery medium of the blood. A change in



DRAWING BY STAN HUNT. © 1969 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
"ARE YOU A NO-CHOLESTEROL DOCTOR OR ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE NO-CHOLESTEROL-IS-ALL-BOSH DOCTORS?"

* Most fats that remain solid at room temperature are derived from land animals and classed by chemists as "saturated" because they have hydrogen atoms attached at all available points in their carbon chains. Some vegetable fats have one such point with two fewer hydrogen atoms and are "monounsaturated." Many vegetable and seed oils, and all fats from fish and marine mammals, lack the full complement of hydrogen atoms at two or more points and are "polyunsaturated." These fats are liquid at room temperature.



JAPANESE WORKERS AT LUNCH
Unsaturate the fat and lower the risk.

the ratio of the alpha and beta types may encourage the development of artery disease through the deposit of atheromatous (mushy, fatty) plaques in the narrow vessels. Further complicating the picture is a class of fats known as triglycerides, which may be as important as the better known cholesterol group.

In a culture in which everyone seems to indulge in pill popping for every conceivable (and one nonconceivable) purpose, many doctors suggest that a near-ideal solution would be the discovery of a one-a-day pill that would enable people to eat all the luxury foods they want without damaging their arteries. As yet, no such drug is in sight. That is why heart researchers are turning toward the notion of Government-imposed diet control, which they rather euphemistically call "environmental engineering." "It is futile," says Framingham's Kannel, "to try to get the public to defer something now for future benefit." No matter how frightening the statistics, the public will go on getting 40% of its calories from fats that are almost 100% saturated. "Government," Kannel suggests, "may have to engage in a little environmental engineering to make sensible diet an automatic, unconscious part of everyday life."

This means that the Government would have to see to it that only health-promoting foods are made available, Kannel says, although the public need not know that it is being deprived of its saturated fats: "Everything would taste the same as before." Chicago Dr. Jeremiah Stamler has chided Kannel for lack of faith in the American public, but Stamler also believes that something should be done at the Governmental level. "We didn't just ask people to use sterilized water," he points out. "We cleaned it up for them." If the FDA would lift what Stamler calls its "ridiculous restrictions" on labeling, he believes, food processors would soon be making polyunsaturated foods—even hot dogs—to meet public demand.

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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

A New Starting Point

In a world where everything must be measured and analyzed, how can man grasp the supernatural? Historical criticism and Freudian psychology answer that a sense of transcendence is a product of man's own times and his psychological needs. Even theologians have gloomily conceded the death of God. In a new book called *A Rumor of Angels* (Doubleday; \$4.50), Peter L. Berger, perhaps the leading U.S. sociologist of religion, suggests that the very scientific methods that have helped to challenge traditional belief in the world of the spirit can be the starting point for a new and better faith.

A Lutheran layman and professor of sociology at Manhattan's New School for Social Research, Berger has already used the tools of his discipline to challenge the bureaucratic pretensions of institutional religion in two books, *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies* and *The Precarious Vision*. He readily admits that sociology has helped to undermine the traditional faiths of the past, but he also argues that it can just as easily undermine the certainty of today's aggressive disbelief. Disbelief, he insists, is largely the product of man's present environment, and the skepticism of the professional atheist is just as subject to questioning as the peasant's blind faith in God and miracles. "Sociology," says Berger, "frees us from the tyranny of the present."

Looking to Man. Thus freed, men can look to their own experience for the "signals of transcendence" that Berger believes form the best foundation for an "inductive faith" in the supernatural. Without touching on individual experiences of the esoteric—such phenomena as mysticism and private revelation—Berger finds these signals (the "angels" of his title) in experiences that are "generally accessible to all men." In a modern parallel to Thomas Aquinas' classic proofs for God's existence, Berger proposes five common experiences that seem to argue for the transcendent. The arguments:

- **FROM ORDERING.** When a child cries in the unfamiliar night, a mother's first impulse is to reassure the child that "everything is all right." Unless the statement is a lie, says Berger, at its root it expresses humanity's basic confidence in a reality that transcends the natural, often cruel world—"a universe that is ultimately in order and ultimately trustworthy."

- **FROM PLAY.** Both children and adults, says Berger, find "liberation and peace" in play. Why? Because "in playing, one steps out of one time into another," temporarily halting, in a way that suggests eternity, a world in which death occurs. Thus, the Vienna Philharmonic could give a concert as Soviet troops besieged the city in 1945: "an affirmation

of the ultimate triumph of all human gestures of creative beauty over the gestures of destruction."

- **FROM HOPE.** "A 'no' to death," says Berger, "is profoundly rooted in the very being of man." Even in the face of immediate death, he argues, men persist in believing in the future and find in that hope a source of courage for the most self-sacrificing acts. "Empirical reason indicates that this hope is an illusion," Berger admits, and he stands in respectful awe of the stoic who can accept this fact without flinching. Yet most men are not stoics and still continue to hope, so unabashed in their rejection of death that there must be

DAVID GALE



BERGER

Search through science.

some final justification of their confidence in a transcendent reality.

- **FROM DAMNATION.** Certain human deeds, says Berger, in the common experience of mankind seem "not only evil, but monstrously evil." The archetypal example is the Nazi mass execution of the Jews. Man is "constrained to condemn, and condemn absolutely," the villainy of an Eichmann, and that condemnation derives from a belief that when a person commits such crimes, "he separates himself in a final way from a moral order that transcends the human community, and thus invokes a retribution that is more than human."

- **FROM HUMOR.** Man's sense of the comic, says Berger, is fundamentally a sense of discrepancy, and the most basic is the discrepancy between man and the universe. Man's laughter, Berger believes, "reflects the imprisonment of the human spirit in the world"—and his audacious conviction, when that world seems awry, that the imprisonment is not final. "Religion," concludes Berger, "vindicates laughter."

Berger allows that any of these phenomena can be explained away in Marxian or Freudian terms, but he argues simply that a transcendent reality—in a word, God—is a much better, and sociologically more sensible, explanation. From these starting points of inductive faith, theologians can then examine anew the fabric of traditional belief.

Testing the Traditions. Such a confrontation with traditional belief would require heroic generosity from theologians, he admits. Not only must they be ecumenical, willing to examine and learn from other traditions, but they should also be thoroughly objective with regard to their own faith, winnowing the wheat from the chaff without worrying about the chaff. All *a priori* assumptions must thus be avoided, even so basic an assumption as one that places Christ at the starting point of its theology before examining Christian tradition in the light of other intellectual disciplines. "Theology," insists Berger, "must begin and end with the question of truth."

He does not suggest that such a search will find its final expression as a universal religion, and disassociates himself from any attempt to create a "theological Esperanto." He sees, in fact, a continuing pluralism, but a more confident one, in which all religions more fully appreciate the commonality of human experience that unites them and the diversity of approach that mutually enriches them.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Clouded Future

The Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. is destined to undergo several more years of turmoil, alienation and dissent. So predicts the Rev. Andrew M. Greeley, a sociologist on the staff of the National Opinion Research Center. Father Greeley is one of the shrewdest observers of U.S. Catholic life. A book which he co-authored, *The Education of Catholic Americans* (1966), is the most comprehensive study of the nation's parochial-school system. In *Overview*, a monthly newsletter published by the St. Thomas More Association of Chicago, he now argues that six "almost irreversible" trends will dominate American Catholicism during the next decade:

- 1) Priests and nuns will abandon their vocations in increasing numbers. "It has now become quite easy to leave the religious life, in the sense that there are relatively few social sanctions imposed on those who depart; on the contrary, often they persuade themselves that they are heroes."

- 2) New recruits to the priesthood and religious orders of nuns "will continue to decline. By 1978 we may have less than half the number of priests and religious we have at present."

- 3) Many laymen and priests, particularly those who have already registered strong objections to the Pope's birth control encyclical, "will no longer accept the Church as an authoritative teacher

MILESTONES

on matters sexual. The hard truth is that most people have made up their minds, and their minds say that the Pope and the bishops do not know what they are talking about."

4) Tension between priests and bishops will also grow. Greeley believes that "the present very moderate and sensible leadership of the priest organizations will be replaced by a much more radical leadership and that confrontations between bishops and clergy will be more frequent and more severe. In many parts of the country the bishops will find themselves isolated from their priests and people."

5) Although the Catholic educational system is "at least as popular as it ever was with rank-and-file Catholics, the schools are in deep trouble because of

ARTHUR BIDDLE



GREELEY

Underground of the elite.

the internal failures of morale. In practice, most of the brave talk about reorganization and reappraisal merely means closing down some schools."

6) Because of declining interest in the traditional church, "many of the auxiliary institutions of American Catholicism will suffer. Diocesan papers, publishing houses, book stores, magazines, etc., will be hard hit, and many will disappear from the scene."

Greeley foresees no mass defection of Catholics in the next decade, but he concludes that the longer-range picture for the organized church is clouded at best. "With the elite siphoned off into the underground, with a declining clergy and vanishing institutions, with no respect for the teaching of the leadership, with the hierarchy and people isolated from one another, American Catholicism by the end of the 1970s might well have begun the journey down the long road previously traveled by the Church in France, Italy and other European countries."

Born. To Sophia Loren, 34, filmdom's eternal woman (*Arabesque, The Countess from Hong Kong*), and Carlo Ponti, 55, her producer-husband: their first child, a boy, Carlo Jr.; in Geneva. Sophia's baby—7 lbs. 11 oz. and healthy as can be—came after years of yearning and three tragic miscarriages. She was overjoyed, while the exultant new papa promised to give Geneva a \$1,000,000 obstetrical clinic "in gratitude."

Married. Sandy Koufax, 33, former Los Angeles Dodger pitching ace and prize Hollywood bachelor, who has become one of the most popular television sportscasters on the West Coast; and Anne Widmark, 23, Actor Richard's beautiful brunette daughter, who met Sandy six months ago in Malibu when he strolled by and offered to help paint her family's beach house; both for the first time; in a civil ceremony at the Widmark home in West Los Angeles.

Married. Margaret Atkinson Loughborough Biddle, 53, widow since 1961 of former U.S. Ambassador to Spain Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, and duchess of Philadelphia's Main Line; and Colonel Edwinton Robbins, 64, retired Air Force officer and longtime friend of the Biddle clan; in a civil ceremony performed in the Temple University chapel in Philadelphia.

Died. Major Arthur W. Beckstrom, 33, highly decorated U.S. Air Force pilot (20 medals of valor, including the Silver Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross), who survived 202 combat missions in Viet Nam without serious injury; in the crash of his RF-101 Voodoo reconnaissance jet while on a training flight; near Blue Ridge, Ga.

Died. Vladimir Tytla, 64, one of the original Walt Disney cartoonists, who helped enthrall millions of youngsters in the 1930s and '40s with his airborne pachyderms (*Dumbo*), fearsome giants (*Night on Bald Mountain*) and great spouting whales (*Pinocchio*); of a stroke; in Flanders, Congo.

Died. George Lewis, 68, jazz clarinetist of early New Orleans vintage who started strutting to funerals with his \$4 clarinet when he was 17, played with such jazz lights of the '20s and '30s as Buddy Petit and Kid Howard, later exported the doleful sound of French Quarter blues to Europe and Japan in a series of boisterously successful tours; of pneumonia; in New Orleans.

Died. Trygve Lie, 72, first Secretary-General of the United Nations from 1946 to 1953, whose efforts on behalf of world peace were most often frustrated by cold-war conflict; of a heart attack; in Geilo, Norway. An Oslo lawyer who served as Norway's Foreign

Minister-in-exile during World War II, Lie sought to imbue the U.N. with his Scandinavian spirit of compromise and international cooperation. He played a significant role in ending the bloody Greek civil war, mediated the Berlin blockade crisis, and helped establish the state of Israel. Yet on the two most wrenching issues of his time—the Korean War and a U.N. seat for Communist China—the world powers were too hopelessly rent even for Lie's considerable powers of conciliation. The U.S. firmly rebuked him when he ultimately supported the admittance of Red China, and he earned the enmity of the Soviets for all time with his recommendation that the U.N. intervene in the Korean conflict. In 1950, the General Assembly still had enough faith in Lie to extend his term of office over virulent Soviet objections, but his influence continued to wane in the face of the Communists' refusal to acknowledge his authority. He also alienated his staff by allowing FBI agents to comb its ranks for "subversives," finally submitted his resignation under pressure in 1952, and returned home to write his memoirs.

Died. Gilbert Miller, 84, patriarch of theatrical producers, who lighted the Broadway and London stages with nearly 100 plays that spanned more than half a century; in Manhattan. Born to the theater (mother was an actress, father an actor-manager), Miller was also born for it, and in some ways he was his own finest production. Portly and impeccable, he lived in splendor (a 12-room Park Avenue apartment, a London town house, a Sussex country estate), was renowned as a gastronome (he would cable his dinner order across the Atlantic to ensure perfection on arrival), a connoisseur of beautiful women (three marriages) and a raconteur who could fascinate in six languages. If elegance was his life-style, that was also what he gave the theater. Not for him the snarl of social protest; he wished to entertain, using each success to bankroll the next and assure himself, without haggling, of the day's greatest stars. In 1916, his very first play, a comedy called *Daddy Long-Legs*, ran for 514 performances in London. Before long, every famed, or soon to be famed, playwright offered him works—Somerset Maugham (*The Constant Wife*, 1926); Philip Barry (*The Animal Kingdom*, 1932); Robert Sherwood (*The Petrified Forest*, 1935); T. S. Eliot (*The Cocktail Party*, 1950); Dylan Thomas (*Under Milk Wood*, 1957). His greatest hit came in 1935, when *Victoria Regina*, starring Helen Hayes, grossed \$2,500,000 to rank as one of the biggest moneymakers of its time. Once, a reporter asked him if a show he was doing would make New York stand up. "The idea, I believe," he replied evenly, "is to make New York come in and sit down."

BUSINESS

THE NEW ATTACK ON KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS

FOR years, the maverick views of Milton Friedman, the towering iconoclast of U.S. economics, attracted just about as much ridicule as respect. A monetary theorist, the bald and somewhat cherubic University of Chicago professor maintains that the U.S. and many other major nations mismanage their economies. They do so, he argues, by manipulating taxes, federal spending and money supply—techniques that were formulated by Britain's John Maynard Keynes. "Keynesian economics doesn't work," says Friedman. "But nothing is harder for men than to face facts that threaten to undermine strongly held beliefs."

Those beliefs have grown stronger in the past eight years, while the U.S. economy has expanded under the vigorous application of neo-Keynesian principles. Today, when the economy is strained by inflation, Friedman's challenge commands serious attention and growing support, and is a topic of heated debate among economists, bankers and Government officials. The controversy has lifted Friedman to eminence as the leader of the so-called "Chicago school" of economic thought. Increasingly influential abroad as well as at home, he is one of the principal economic advisers to Richard Nixon. Says Paul McCracken, the incoming chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers: "In recent years, all of us have become, if not Friedmanites, at least more Friedmanesque in our thinking."

Erratic Swings. In Friedman's view, the Government has repeatedly misused its two chief weapons against recessions and inflation: fiscal and monetary policies. He contends that the Keynesians rely too much on fiscal regulators—that is, on changes in taxes and federal spending. Consequently, they underrate the influence of monetary policy, notably changes in the quantity of money



MILTON FRIEDMAN
Money matters most.

in circulation. Of all the economic tools at the Government's disposal, insists Friedman, the most important and fastest-acting by far is regulation of the money supply. Over the short run, the money supply indirectly controls the growth rate of the economy; in the long run, it governs how quickly prices rise or fall.

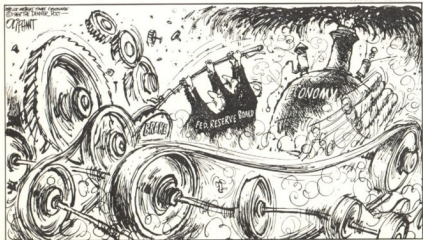
Money supply—currency, plus checking accounts and time deposits in the nation's 14,000 commercial banks—needs to expand as population and production grow. The Federal Reserve Board controls the expansion, largely by buying or selling Government bonds. In the process, it makes adjustments for peak periods of demand, such as the Christmas shopping season, or times when the Treas-

ury must borrow heavily to finance budget deficits. In addition, the Federal Reserve tries to use its monetary powers to moderate the ups and downs of U.S. business. But Friedman says that the board repeatedly errs in the rate at which it expands or constricts the money supply. As a result, it aggravates the swings of an economy that it is supposed to steady.

Since 1960, the money stock has changed at annual rates that have swung all the way from plus 13.5% to minus 2.8%, depending on the board's shifting opinion of the economy's needs. Such fluctuations are usually reflected in the performance of the whole economy six to nine months later. Between April 1965 and April 1966, for example, the money supply climbed at the rate of 9½% a year, and the war-swollen economy began to suffer from inflation. When the Reserve Board overreacted, it slammed on the brakes too hard. Until January 1967, money supply was allowed to grow at a yearly rate of only 3.8%. The result, says Friedman, was the first-quarter slowdown that analysts dubbed the mini-recession of 1967. Since January 1967, the money supply has increased at a 9.9% annual rate, and Friedman blames today's inflation primarily on that fact. Last year he correctly predicted that, in the absence of restraint on money supply, the 10% income tax surcharge would fail to rein in the economy appreciably during 1968. Rather belatedly (and too recently to show in quarterly figures), the Federal Reserve has sharply reduced the rate of increase in money. As a result, the economy shows some signs that it is about to slow down.

Inflationary Engine. "Over the past years, the Federal Reserve has been an engine of inflation," complains Friedman. "Inflation is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon, produced in the first instance by an unduly rapid growth in the quantity of money. I've sat in many a meeting with the Fed and argued with them. Three or four times I thought they had got the message, but every time they've strayed off the track."

For that reason, he believes that the fiercely independent Federal Reserve should be stripped of most of its powers to manipulate money. As he sees it, the board's seven governors—who now serve for 14 years—should have terms coinciding with that of the President who appoints them. Nixon recently went out of his way to ask Board Chairman William McChesney Martin to stay on, even though Friedman argues that the board under Martin has been wrong too often. Friedman now hopes that the chairman will retire before his term expires on Jan. 31, 1970. By law, Mar-



tin cannot be reappointed. Says Friedman: "It would be a very good thing if he went early."

Friedman's main point is that the Reserve Board should simply let the money supply grow at a constant rate of about 5% a year, in line with the real growth of the nation's output of goods and services. An increasing number of experts agree with him. Last summer the congressional Joint Economic Committee urged the Federal Reserve to expand the money supply no less than 2% and no more than 6% a year. Last week 40 out of 71 economists who responded to a survey by a House subcommittee urged the Reserve Board to increase the money stock steadily and moderately. But the Federal Reserve's economists disagreed. Though there are Friedman fans at the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, he has few if any supporters elsewhere in the system or on the board itself.

Deceptive Indicator. Nobody disputes Friedman's impressive scholarship. His 808-page *A Monetary History of the United States 1867-1960* (written in collaboration with Anna Schwartz and published in 1963) is the definitive work in its field. In it, he points out that every U.S. recession in the past century but one (1869-70) has been preceded by a decline in the growth of the money supply.

Popular impression to the contrary, Friedman notes, interest rates are often a deceptive indicator of the real monetary situation. When the money supply grows rapidly, for example, rates do fall, but only for a few months. As the money works its way through the economy, spending and incomes rise. This has a multiplying effect. Consumers further increase their demands, and businessmen respond by expanding their plants and building their inventories. With that comes a spurt in the demand for loans, and interest rates shoot up—as they have been doing lately. According to Friedman's analysis, when the Federal Reserve boosted its discount rate to 5½% last month—the highest level in 39 years—it only validated his theory. "The delayed effect of monetary expansion is to raise interest rates," says Friedman, "and this is reinforced when you have inflation."

Out with Orthodoxy. Friedman's critics hold that his theory is too simplistic to guide complex economies. They believe that by calling for an inflexible system of monetary growth, he would deprive policymakers of their discretionary powers to adjust money to meet changing conditions. But even such an opponent as M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson pays Friedman a barbed compliment. "Strong ideology drives out the weak," he says, paraphrasing Gresham's law, "and Friedman has the strongest ideology around."

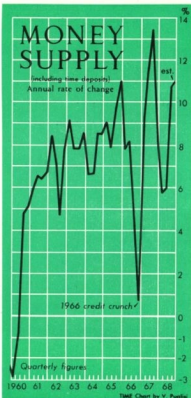
The son of immigrants from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, Friedman, now 56, worked his way through Rutgers and won a postgraduate scholarship in economics to the University of Chi-

cago. Except for a World War II interval as a tax expert in Washington and a few years of teaching elsewhere, he has been at Chicago ever since. A frequent public speaker, he has written or been co-author of 13 books on economics. He was Barry Goldwater's chief economic adviser in 1964.

Though foes often depict him as an arch conservative, Friedman's wide-ranging views fit no orthodox niche. Beyond pure economics, he originated the guaranteed-income plan known as the "negative income tax" as a substitute for today's ineffective welfare system. He advocates an end to the draft in favor of a well-paid Army of volunteers (see TIME ESSAY, p. 25), and his

such a radical proposal, but support is increasing for the related idea of permitting currencies to fluctuate within a "band" of 3% to 5% of their par value. Thus Friedman may not gain all of what he wants, but he stands to get a good deal of it.

In a sense, Friedman is like a Paris designer whose haute couture is bought by a select few, but who nonetheless influences almost all popular fashions. Richard Nixon's economists will not accept all of Milton Friedman's money-supply theory. They will, however, pay much more attention to monetary policy—and relatively less to taxes and Government spending. In that way, they hope to ease the economy onto a steadier, less inflationary course.



cago helped lead Nixon to the same stand. In the field of education, Friedman would have the Government give parents vouchers that would pay for their children's tuition in any school—public, private or parochial. That would not only switch the Government subsidy from the institutions to the students but force inferior schools to improve or lose their customers.

In international monetary affairs, Friedman contends that today's system of fixed exchange rates should be scrapped and that currencies should be free to fluctuate in value. That way, weak currencies would be penalized with instant if minor devaluations. Balance of payments problems would automatically disappear, along with the onerous controls and taxes imposed to try to solve them. Few policymakers accept

STOCK MARKET

The Rally That Wasn't

The great importance of monetary policy has been demonstrated lately by the stock market. Brokers normally count on a year-end rally, and they have been disappointed only six times in the past 41 years. Last week was one of those times. Mostly because of the Federal Reserve Board's recent moves to make money scarcer and costlier to borrow, the latest slump in stock prices stretched out to a full month.

On the New York Stock Exchange, the Dow-Jones industrial average, which reached a 1968 peak of 985.21 on Dec. 3, fell to 943.75 at year's end. Despite a rebound when trading resumed after the New Year holiday, the average lost ground for the week, closing at 951.89.

Speculation and Shift. Altogether, 1968 was a fairly disappointing year for blue-chip industrial shares. Propelled by political as well as economic events, the Dow-Jones average bounced erratically, but gained only 4.3% for the year. Broader-based indicators of Big Board securities rose about twice as much. The New York Exchange index of all 1,249 listed common stocks climbed 9.4% and Standard & Poor's index of 500 issues rose 7.7%. On the American Stock Exchange, a haven for low-priced and often volatile issues, prices soared an average 33%.

Brokers now sense that investors are shifting their preferences from speculative stocks to those with more fundamental values. Kenneth Ward, senior vice president of Hayden Stone, expects a rising interest in steel, chemical, airline and utility stocks, which should do better than high flyers in a quieter economic climate. "For the short term, the speculative boom is over," says Research Director Walter Stern of Burnham & Co. "Too many people have been buying too many stocks for the wrong reasons. There has been a race for instant profit based on tips and stories of impending deals. The bubble has to burst."

The vulnerability of some so-called "growth stocks" shows up in the ratio between share prices and corporate earnings. Such issues now sell in the over-

the-counter market at an average of 40 times their per-share profits, a height last reached shortly before the market's 1962 plunge. Since 1966, the average price-earnings ratio of American Exchange stocks has jumped from 10-1 to 26-1. By contrast, the Dow-Jones industrial average finished 1968 at a level only 16.7 times the average per-share earnings of its stocks, down from 17.2 a year earlier. The decline suggests that blue chips are anything but overpriced.

Snarl and Slowdown. For the year ahead, there is apprehension over the persistent paper-work backlog, which has snarled delivery of securities. Overruling a last-minute plea from the Securities and Exchange Commission to reconsider, the nation's stock exchanges decided to switch from Wednesday closings, in effect since June 12, to shorter hours. Five-day-a-week trading, with

growth over the next few months. While that may hurt for a while, it should lead to less inflation and easier money. Brokers hope that it will also mean a healthier market, but that prognosis is far from unanimous.

Beating the Tax Bite

Businessmen are always grumbling about rising taxes, but they rarely make good on threats to take their firms out of town to avoid the bite. Last week, to escape a new 5¢-per-share city tax on stock transactions, the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington Stock Exchange abruptly began moving to the suburbs from its imposing quarters in downtown Philadelphia.

Even though a court order temporarily restrained the city from collecting the levy, the nation's oldest exchange (founded in 1790) started trading in

phia. Most of that business involves stocks listed on the big New York exchanges. Says Wetherill: "No broker would do business with us when he could save his customer the 5¢ a share on the other regional exchanges."

If the city repeals the tax quickly enough, Wetherill promises that the exchange will move back downtown. So far, the city shows little inclination to do so, even though the 5¢ levy will raise only \$3,500,000 a year. "If the brokers want to leave, let them leave," says City Council President Paul D'Ortona. If the tax stands, that is just what some 50 Philadelphia securities firms are expected to do.

AVIATION

Is This Any Way to Buy an Airline?

It is a wonder that anyone would want to buy the "Mickey Mouse airline," which is what patrons of Air West call the Western states' regional carrier. Its turboprop planes are notorious for late arrivals and departures, and the company is losing cash nose over wingtip. It ran up a deficit of \$3.6 million in the first nine months of 1968. For all that, Hermit Billionaire Howard Hughes eagerly snatched up Air West on New Year's Day.

The line was the product of a unique three-way merger that in 1968 brought together Pacific Air Lines of San Francisco, Phoenix-based Bonanza and Seattle's West Coast. None of the three was big enough to boss the other two, and the result of divided leadership was snarled schedules and fouled-up reservations. The Bank of America, which financed the merger with \$54 million and expected its money back by Jan. 1, advised Air West's management to sell the company "before it is no longer attractive." Meanwhile, no more loans.

Bitter Brawl. Enter Hughes. His offer last August of \$22 a share, or about \$94 million, set off a turbulent boardroom brawl. Air West Chairman Nick Bez, 73, former head of West Coast and a generous contributor to the Democratic Party in Washington State, spoke for Hughes. Lined up against him were Vice Chairman Edmund Converse, former head of Bonanza, and President G. Robert Henry. They insisted that Air West has enormous potential and that the offer, made through the Hughes Tool Co., was far too low. Says Henry: "We're spread over the richest and most progressive part of the country. You couldn't have a better territory." Indeed, since the merger Air West has increased its routes by more than one-third, to 9,982 miles crisscrossing eight Western states and reaching into Canada and Mexico.

The anti-Hughes forces were relieved when Mallory Randall Corp., a Brooklyn-based manufacturer of plastic containers, stepped forward with an alternative bid, offering to swap shares worth some \$109 million. Then, only seven days before the Hughes offer ran



READING TAPE ON TABLE IN BALACYNWYD
With a resounding "bong."

closings at 2 p.m. instead of 3:30 in New York, will resume this week. Some brokers share the SEC's fears that the most severe effects of the paper-work jam are yet to be felt. Industry leaders, however, insist that the new system will reduce operational troubles faster than the old one.

Still, the stock market's major concern is how fast the Federal Reserve will tighten up the money supply in its campaign to squelch the pressures and psychology of inflation. Rising taxes will make the battle easier and will siphon funds away from investors. On Jan. 1, Social Security taxes went up by \$3.6 billion a year. By April 15, taxpayers must give Washington an extra \$14 billion in catch-up payments for the second quarter of 1968, when the 10% income-tax surcharge was not withheld from salaries. With a shrinking federal deficit also sucking steam from the economy, Wall Street is looking for a noticeable slowdown in U.S. business

makeshift leased quarters in the affluent Main Line town of Bala-Cynwyd, a 25-minute auto ride from the city center. Lacking the traditional opening bell, George Snyder, an exchange governor, intoned a resounding "bong." Then 25 trading specialists sat around a composition-board table laid over trestles to buy and sell shares. Despite a shortage of telephones and stock tickers, which forced them to run the tapes down the length of the table so that everyone could get a quick look, they managed to handle half of the P-B-W's normal volume the first day.

Exchange President Elkins Wetherill calls the eight-mile flight "a matter of survival." Though it accounts for only 1.3% of all U.S. stock transactions, the P-B-W is the third largest of the nation's nine regional securities markets, after the Midwest and Pacific Coast exchanges. More than three-quarters of its annual 45-million-share volume comes from brokers outside Philadel-

out on Dec. 31, Northwest Airlines made an attractive stock-swap proposal. Air West's routes would tie in perfectly with Northwest's, Henry argued.

Nonetheless, Air West's stockholders two weeks ago voted 52% in favor of Hughes. Then, in a surprising move, Air West's directors voted 13 to 11 not to sanction the sale. With that, some big pro-Hughes shareholders threatened court action. Hughes' agent, Francis Fox, who communicates with his secretive boss via closed-circuit TV, got in touch with the holdout directors. Perhaps because of the threatened lawsuits, six of them switched to Hughes.

Next Moves. Unless the Civil Aeronautics Board turns thumbs down or President-elect Nixon vetoes the deal, which he can do because flights to foreign countries are involved, Hughes will get back into a business for which he has long had an appetite. A pilot himself, he set speed and round-the-world flight records, and designed such innovations as retractable landing gears. But he has a dismal record of running airlines. In control of Northeast Airlines from 1962 to 1964, he sold out when the carrier was just short of bankruptcy. Under new management, Northeast recovered. From 1939 to 1960, Hughes also controlled TWA, which flew low in the later stages of his capricious reign. Financial pressures forced Hughes to surrender his 78.2% ownership of the airline to a trust. He eventually sold his 6,584,937 shares for \$546.5 million in 1966.

Despite those setbacks, the elusive industrialist is likely to make additional moves into Western aviation. He is eager to buy Los Angeles Airways, a helicopter carrier, and has an eye on the San Francisco & Oakland Helicopter Airlines. He would also like to manufacture corporate jets and look into applications and routes for vertical-take-off and short-takeoff planes. For now, Air West fits neatly into his pattern for profit. It flies from several key cities into Las Vegas, Hughes' headquarters. In Nevada, which Hughes likes because it has no state income tax, he has picked up an estimated \$150 million worth of properties, including the Sands, the Desert Inn and huge ranch lands. If, as Hughes predicted in a rare statement, Las Vegas should balloon to the size of Houston, Air West will be flying right alongside.

SHIPPING

The Unlucky Queen

She was meant to bring new pride to a nautical nation, to restore some measure of the glory that was Britain's when her Queens ruled the seas. Sleek and speedy, the *Queen Elizabeth 2* was designed as a floating luxury hotel, modern and comfortable enough to attract free-spending American tourists for the transatlantic run in the warm seasons and Caribbean cruises in the winter. At least, that was the dream of the Cunard Steam-Ship Co. when it ordered the \$71 million, 66,000-ton liner in 1964.

Last week, as she limped into Southampton after her shakedown voyage to the Canary Islands, the *Queen*, her company and its dream were all badly shaken.

Standing in the glow of the psychedelic lights of the ship's theater, the Cunard chairman, Sir Basil Smallpeice, announced that the ship was in such sad shape that the company would refuse delivery until everything was straightened out by the builders, Glasgow's Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. With that, Cunard scrubbed two scheduled cruises this month and one in February; the cancellations cost the company at least \$2,160,000. When the ship will finally be able to go into service remained uncertain.

Decent Middle Class. Like many new cars, many new ships have bugs, and it takes time to get rid of them. Ul-

Decor ran from motel modern to floating Howard Johnson's. One Cunard official tried to explain the limp bill of fare: "What we are trying for is decent middle-class food. We are not pretending to be the equal of big, first-class London or New York restaurants." By contrast, ships of the French Line, the Italian Line and others have some of the world's finest cuisine.

Last of Her Kind. Who was to blame? Back along the Clyde, everyone accused everyone else. Trade-union officials faulted managers of Cunard and of the shipyards for disorganized work schedules, and made much of what they called a premature delivery date—although the ship is already eight months behind the original delivery schedule. The builders loughed hundreds of workmen last November, only to rehire them in last-minute attempts to meet



"QUEEN ELIZABETH 2" ARRIVING IN SOUTHAMPTON
Half speed for the glory dreams.

timately, the *Queen Elizabeth 2* may become one of the best liners afloat. Still, the *Queen's* problems seemed most unusual. First, there was technical trouble. British engineers developed steam-turbine engines 72 years ago, but the steam turbines on the *Queen* went awry. The casings did not allow enough room for normal heat expansion of the 10-ft. rotor blades, and the engines were thrown out of balance. As a result, speeds had to be cut from a normal 284 knots to 14 knots. Sometimes they dropped as low as one knot.

Beyond that, much of the interior was unfinished. Hallways were cluttered with unpacked cartons; in some state-rooms, naked bulbs dangled from wires, handles and racks fell off in passengers' hands, and plumbing and soundproofing were erratic. Though some of the finished public rooms were beautifully furnished in suede and velvet, many rooms showed misguided efforts to cater to an unhappy estimate of American tastes.

dealines. Partly because workers were angered by the layoffs, there were many acts of vandalism—carpets were badly soiled and wood flooring was gouged. Hundreds of workmen were put aboard the ship for the shakedown run to put matters right, but they managed to miss few tea breaks, beer breaks or whisky breaks. Then there was the matter of pilferage. One electrician was charged with stealing a startling list of articles: 30 yards of carpeting, two chests of drawers, five curtains, 180 ft. of glass fiber, five lampshades and a toilet seat.

Last week, in a pub across from the shipyard, a worker said: "The QE 2 will be the last of her kind to be built at Upper Clyde. It's maybe just as well." It would be misleading to hold up the new *Queen* as a reflection of all that ails Britain's economy. But it exposed anew the casual management and slapdash workmanship that has become all too common in a nation anxious to regain the grandeur of the past.

CINEMA

THE TRADE

Black Is Golden

Black is beautiful, says the Negro slogan. Money is golden, says Hollywood. This year they coincide: Sidney Poitier is the number-one money-making star of 1968, reports the Motion Picture Herald in its 37th annual survey of superstars. After Poitier comes Paul Newman; third is Julie Andrews; fourth is John Wayne—appearing among the Top Ten for a record 19th time. In fifth position is a newcomer, Clint Eastwood, whose made-in-Italy "Dollar" westerns were appropriately named. The sixth is Dean Martin; seventh, Steve McQueen; eighth, Jack Lemmon; ninth, Lee Marvin; and tenth, Elizabeth Taylor. There is no room at the top for slip-page. Gone from last year's golden ten are Sean Connery, who dropped from fifth to sixteenth, and Richard Burton, who slipped from ninth to fifteenth.

NEW MOVIES

Fascination with the Deviate

France, 1944. Hysterical-ly, a German soldier tries to break the American sergeant's stranglehold. But there is no escape; the grip grows tighter until the soldier chokes to death. The sergeant releases his victim—and his own breath returns in a series of orgasmic spasms.

France, 1952. The country has changed, but the sergeant is the same: a psychotic homosexual who hides his desires from the world—and from himself—beneath a barrage of bluster. In the title role of *The Sergeant*, Rod Steiger continues his obvious fascination with the deviate character. Where he was the screaming, mincing Mr. Joyboy in *The Loved One*, and a coronation of closet queens in *No Way to Treat a Lady*, he is here appropriately disciplined as the doomed Sergeant Callan.

His beer belly may advance before his trousers, but Callan's shoulders threaten the seams of his like jacket. When he bellows an order, even officers jump. No one would dare to cast doubt upon his masculinity—no one but Callan himself. Irresistibly attracted to a young private named Swanson (John Phillip Law), Callan follows him around town, grows jealous of Swanson's girl friend (Ludmila Mikael), and eventually reveals himself with what may become the screen's new cliché: a mouth-to-mouth, homosexual kiss. The

breakdown follows as inevitably as taps follows lights-out.

Law, acting Swanson as if he were a stricken deer, is literally driven off-screen by Steiger's agonies. Twitching his mouth into a tortured smile, roaring with a rage and a fondness he cannot separate, Steiger makes the sergeant's internal struggle so fascinating that all other personalities seem superfluous.

Like many of Steiger's minor films, *The Sergeant* could easily have degenerated into a one-man show. Instead, it is a two-man performance. The second man is Director John Flynn, who, faced with a prodigious actor and an undeveloped scenario, has fleshed out his



STEIGER AS "THE SERGEANT"
No doubts but his own.

film with nuances. The barracks life of monotony and loneliness is depressingly acute; the local *paysans*, whose faces are maps of rural France, give an extraordinary sense of locality to a story that badly needed roots. Unfortunately for the film, neither Flynn nor Steiger bears the antidote for the sting of predictability.

Depth Bomb

"All right, men, now hear this. Captain Rock Hudson speaking. First of all, welcome aboard the nuclear submarine *Tigerfish*, proceeding at top speed toward the North Pole. Our mission is to rescue a group of marooned scientists and weathermen at Ice Station Zebra. Now before we left, I had a drink with Admiral Lloyd Nolan—you older hands will remember him—and he said that the damned Russians were also very anxious to get to Zebra. Something to do with a capsule from a downed Russian satellite, espionage,

treachery, the fate of the free world, and all that.

"We have on board a Russian refugee who's supposed to be helping us. You'll be able to identify him because he acts suspiciously and looks just like Ernest Borgnine. Patrick McGowan is also with us—naturally, he's some kind of spy, as all of you who watch *Secret Agent* on television will know.

"You veterans know that there's bound to be a time when someone screams 'Close the watertight doors,' and another time when the sub plunges dizzily toward the bottom. Then it's going to be pretty rough surfacing through the ice. One final word: as you move about the ship, please try not to stumble over or stare into the Super Pan-avision equipment. You men may think it's a nuisance to have a wide-screen camera in such cramped quarters, but it's all part of our real mission—to convince those people out front that this is more important than it really is."

Heroic Despair

On the structure of 20th century religious thought, the works of Ingmar Bergman perch like gargoyles. Their gnostic faith belongs to no known dogma; their acrid doubt is too large to sit in the cool shade of existentialism. *The Shame*, latest of his grotesqueries, once again prays to a dead God, once again mixes actuality and surrealism, calamity and humor, a fertile mind and an arid soul.

The year is 1971, and the scene is Bergman's favorite symbol: an island off the coast. There, a violinist named Jan Rosenberg (Max von Sydow) and his wife Eva (Liv Ullmann) cower in their farmhouse, waiting out a civil war that rages on the mainland. It is a truism that in many childless marriages one of the couple assumes the role of the baby. In the Rosenbergs' case, it is Jan, cosseted and petted by Eva during his incessant tantrums and irrational fears. Infinitely gentle, infinitely suffering, afflicted with a bad heart and a sick psyche, Jan lives for a chance to resume his career. It never comes.

Monstrous Metamorphosis. In *Week-end*, Jean-Luc Godard saw the end of the world as a vast traffic jam. Bergman's concept is less visual—and more chilling. His people never see history; like radiation, it destroys them without touching them. Jan and Eva become aliens in their own marriage. They rage against their cage and at each other. As Samuel Beckett puts it, "The mortal microcosm cannot forgive the relative immortality of the macrocosm. The whiskey bears a grudge against the decanter." Half from fear, half from the desire to have the child Jan cannot give her, Eva sleeps with a friend (Gunnar Björnstrand) who has become a partisan leader. Jan discovers the couple and becomes a gross caricature of himself. Formerly, he could not even kill a chicken; now he contrives to empty a re-



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Magazine Publishers Association

volver into the partisan; soon he becomes a thief who has no compunction about shooting a youthful soldier for his boots. The monstrous metamorphosis is Bergman's allusion to the shrunken intellectuals of World War II who could attend gas chambers in the daytime and listen to Wagner at night.

At the end, with money he has stolen, Jan buys passage on a vessel piloted by a fisherman friend. But if the fisherman is Peter, there is no Christ. In a scene that seems less photographed than etched, the boat drifts through clutches of floating corpses; the sky and ocean are pitiless, and death is the only redemption.

Once, waiting at the war and at their situation, Eva feels as if she is part of someone else's dream. "What happens," she asks, "when that person wakes up and is ashamed?" That "person" may seem, superficially, to be God. But Bergman assigns the responsibility to a far more accessible source. What is the future, he asks, but a dream of the present? If that future is a nightmare of disaster and war, the shame and the blame cannot be laid at the gates of heaven, but at the feet of Man.

Molten Eroticism. For the last several years, it has been unfair to judge Bergman on an individual film. To state that *The Shame* is not quite up to *The Seventh Seal* is like saying that Blake's *The Mental Traveller* is not equivalent to *Songs of Experience*. What matters is the body of his work—comprising 29 films—which now amounts to a great literature of heroic despair.

Nor is it legitimate to speak of Bergman's players merely as actors. People like Von Sydow and Björnstrand have been with him for over a decade. What the Moscow Art Theater was to Stanislavsky, these performers are to Bergman—ensemble members who function like fingers on a hand. Liv Ullman, newest member of the troupe, is, astonishingly, the best, portraying a whole range of feminine response, from molten eroticism to glacial hate. At the end of his life, Freud wrote: "The great question, which I have not been able to answer despite my 30 years of research into the feminine soul, is 'What does a woman want?'" Ullman supplies no answer, but no other actress could have rephrased the question so well.

Scandinavian tourists troop off the ferry with light portable ladders to prop against the high stone wall. Sheep Island is a long way from Stockholm, the wind is bitter, and the wall is high. But to them the object is worth the search—a glimpse of Bergman and what Swedes euphemize as his latest "little home companion." If they are lucky, they can see a brilliant glint of strawberry blonde hair and the planned face with its saddle of freckles and wistful smile.

For Bergman, 50, such liaisons are nothing new; he has been married four

times, and his name is a favorite with Scandinavian rumormongers. But for Liv Ullman, 29, the aspect of scandal is unfamiliar. Born in Tokyo of Norwegian parents, she later went to Canada, where her aircraft-engineer father was fatally injured in a landing-field accident. Resettled in Norway, she developed a single obsession: to be an actress. She dropped out of high school, convinced that she could meet the lofty standards of Oslo's National Theater School. When they refused her, she stubbornly set off for London for eight months of intense acting lessons. They were enough to give her the sheen and technique she lacked.

Sealed Inside. Back in Norway, Ullman joined a provincial troupe, not long afterward became a member of

be spied upon in their town house in Stockholm's expensive residential suburb, Deer Garden. Guarding his privacy with zeal, Bergman has only once publicly ventured an opinion about the woman who has played a major role in his last three films—and in his life. "As in photography, Liv is a complete commentary unto herself," he maintains. "Besides I am in love with her—creatively and personally."

Silly Woman. He is not alone. "She's one of the most talented actresses around," says Björnstrand. "A little like Ingmar—full of health, vitality, humor." To Von Sydow, Ullman has "a rare ability to express emotions in front of a camera in a very pure way, very directly. It is something I have rarely seen." To the National Society of Film Critics in



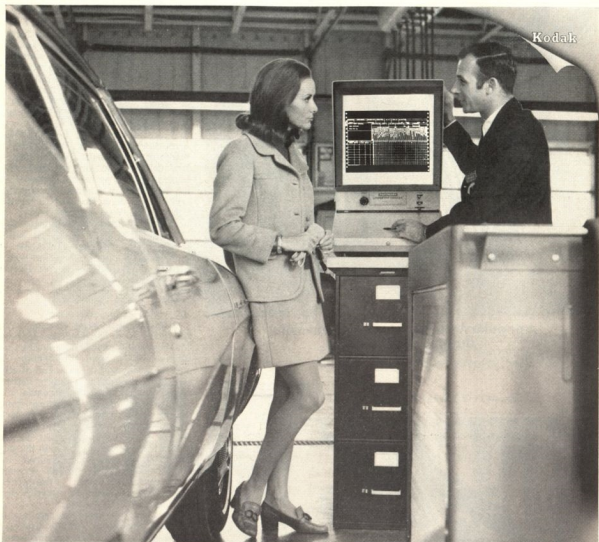
BERGMAN DIRECTING ULLMAN IN "THE SHAME"
Two great wishes—both granted.

the prestigious National Theater of Norway and married an Oslo psychiatrist, Hans Stang. By the time she was 26, she was a major stage actress in her own country, with four films to her credit. But her fame remained sealed inside Norway until Bergman, struck by the resemblance between Ullman and his long-time star, Bibi Andersson, (*The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries*) offered her a role in his study of personality transference, *Persona*. Radiant over her success as an actress and her selection by Bergman, she told the Stockholm press: "I am a very happy girl. I had two great wishes in my life, and they both came true. There is nothing left to want."

Shortly after the filming of *Persona*, the rumors began. She and Bergman gave out the news that they enjoyed an "extraordinarily fine relationship." Late this year, the Stangs divorced, and Ullman—and her daughter Linn—moved into the \$100,000 house Bergman recently built on Sheep Island, scene of *The Shame*. On occasion, they can also

the U.S., she was a brilliant actress in the year's best film, *Persona*; to international audiences, she is the latest Scandinavian beauty who—like Garbo or Ingrid Bergman or Ingrid Thulin—manages to convey a mind beneath the skin.

Next year, Ullman will star in a non-Bergman film, Jan Troell's two-part *The Immigrants* and *The Emigrants*, to be filmed in Sweden, Canada and the U.S. But, though there have been other offers from both European and American film makers, Ullman shows no inclination to be far from her companion. During the making of *The Shame*, he directed her to move closer to a flaming house. "Burning things were flying over my head," she recalls. "I tried to get a little out of the way from the house. Bergman shouted, 'Don't be so scared, silly woman! I hate him for days.' You were caught, she was asked, between the fire on one side and Bergman on the other? "Yes," she replied. "And of course I chose Bergman."



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after the war, Fries turns out to be a far more frivolous and cosmopolitan creature. His first novel is officially set in Leipzig. Fries and his characters, though, seem to belong to the new international *Brüderschaft* of the educated, disenchanted young, who uneasily share pop culture and rock music with peers from Vladivostok to Valparaiso.

Though they do not know it at first, they would be just as itchy and angrily at home nearly anywhere else as they are in dreary old Leipzig. Fries' hero, Arlecq, escapes to West Berlin in search of Oobiadooh, a storied dreamland delineated in song by Dizzy Gillespie, a prince of bebop. Sickened by the banalities of Communist bureaucracy, Arlecq looks forward to the delights of the West (or "the WEST," as he put it). When he finally does reach Oobiadooh, he finds things just as unsatisfactory as they were back home. "I must insist on a little more enthusiasm," his friend and fellow refugee Paasch says severely. So back they go, testifying, as Arlecq notes, to their "good citizenship by an unqualified return to our workersandpeasants state."

Echoes From Heroes. In some ways, the book is a compendium of fashionably youthful flaws. Both illusive and allusive, it is often ultra-literary in just the wrong sort of way—full of echoes from the author's literary heroes, T. S. Eliot, Proust and Truman Capote. There are also resonances from Joseph Heller. One can imagine Heller's Captain Yossarian, sitting up there in the sky, cursing the night, as the U.S. Air Force drops a bomb in the garden that Arlecq recollects from his own childhood. "It is still a good eight weeks till Easter," Fries writes, "but Arlecq's uncle in America has sent this early Easter egg."

Fries and his characters are archly precious, their story willfully disjointed in the telling. Elegantly bored, they spend much of their time lounging in bed or bars, or leafing through the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin in the public library to find pages mutilated or subversive notations made by angrier, cruder objectors to the System. Yet as Arlecq drifts from reflections on jazz music, to two desultory love affairs, to a funeral, to scenes from the failed marriage of a friend, the author manages some artful acts that reveal the writer behind the discontented esthete. Moments of fiction materialize, coolly precise, sharp and fresh as the crinkle of ice that can be skimmed from the edge of a winter puddle. Fries, moreover, can write about love without sounding like a clod or a pornographer.

Even Fries' humor sounds crisp, though its predictable source lies in the absurdity of the current scene and the pretentious twaddle of all establishments, whether founded upon outworn socialist unrealities or rampant democratic rhetoric. Arlecq puts in a stint as a government guide, conducting a party of Indonesian comrades from Goethe's

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Killy: Le Champion. Meet Jean Claude Killy, France's "superman on skis." See how his obsessive search for competition and speed makes him a daredevil off the slopes as well as on. An ABC Sports special, brought to you by Chevrolet.

BLIGHT

Cosmopolis. Today our cities are being choked by congestion, poverty, traffic, air pollution. What can be done? What is *being* done? An in-depth probe of one of the most pressing problems of our century. George C. Scott narrates this ABC News special, sponsored by North American Rockwell.

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shrine in Weimar to the Buchenwald concentration camp where, in spite of his efforts, the Indonesians beam and smile, mistaking it for a prehistory museum. He also works as an interpreter at an international conference. When the Cuban spokesman takes the floor, Arlec switches off the sound and improvises: "The general theme was as simple as a school essay: Cuba and North American imperialism. . . . When Arlec switched on the sound again they were both, the speaker and he, still uttering the same things, their lines of thought converging in the struggle for world peace. The delegates responded with a standing ovation."

As message, this is just medium. But seeing all adult conflagration as a sort of predictable Punch-and-Judy show is now the universal indulgence of the indulgent young.

A Taist of Frekles

BRITE AND FAIR by Henry A. Shute. 286 pages. Noone House. \$4.50.

this is won of thowse buks witch purtens two bee the diry of a reel new england boy with speling like this. saucers is sorcers an job is gob, wile sumtimes awful is awful and sumtimes it is aful, and sometimes Henry Shute spells just like yew an mee, so yew gnow it has two bee a perfectly disengenyewus purrformince, wel awright xcept the gokes is sumthing feerse—like pitching an old lunker cal plum in the senter of the first Congrisational Chirch picknic with the wimmen tiring back summersets an having spells, wonce in a wile tho, it seams funny, four xample: "July 27, 186—rany and thunderry. i always thought a girl with red hair and frekles wood taist jst like dandyfions when you bite them. i meen of course bite the dandyfions. i meen when you kiss the girl. i dont know. some day i am going to find out."

Himself Surprised

JOYCE CARY by Malcolm Foster. 555 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$10.

Joyce Cary saw the novel as Truth, and his prodigious labors in fiction were called forth by a lonely conviction of its high importance. He subscribed to Cardinal Newman's celebrated notion that what the autobiography does for the life of a particular man, the novel must do for mankind. Cary needed every certitude of dedication to sustain a creative career that began late and even so, suffered from early neglect. When he published his first novel in 1932 (at the age of 43), he had already been struggling at his writing for nearly 20 years.

Fame did not come for almost another 20 years—mainly for his hilarious, linked tragicomedies, *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised*. It is only now, a decade after Cary's death, that his continuing reputation has resulted in the first full-scale biography.

Cary was a writer of imagination

whose life had only an oblique relation to his works. The admirable research by Malcolm Foster, a Canadian professor of literature, consequently does not illuminate many hidden corners. But by telling what Cary was, he helps define the flights of imagination the author had to make when he created his gallery of characters. Though Cary was an Anglo-Irish aristocrat by birth (the Carys of Cary Castle, Donegal), his brief training as a painter helped him get inside the skin of his most famous creature, the artist-bum Gulley Jimson in *The Horse's Mouth*. Experience as a British colonial official (from 1914 to 1920 in Nigeria) lent nuances to one of the best portraits of an emergent Af-



JOYCE CARY (1950)

Beneath a carapace of tweed.

rican in fiction, the black-skinned hero of Cary's fifth book, *Mister Johnson*.

But pure imagination must have been responsible for Cary's artistic ease in inhabiting the soft purloins of the feminine psyche otherwise occupied by Jimson's earthy early love, Sara Monday. Nor did any known experience equip Cary to see the world through the eyes of a displaced Cockney lad in *Charley Is My Darling*.

After a lonely Irish boyhood, and a top British school (Clifton), Cary had a futile three years' fling as an art student in Paris and Edinburgh before entering Oxford. Once there, he gamely tried to disguise his bohemian artist's vocation beneath a carapace of casual tweed, but only succeeded in proving that academics are not sound judges of literary talent. He got an almost unheard-of fourth-class honors in law.

At 19, resolved to break the mold in which family and education had cast him

—not, with paint brush but with pencil—the privately published a book of verse. Then, after a bout as a medical corpsman in the Turkish-Montenegrin skirmish before World War I, and marriage to the sister of an Oxford friend, he served the Empire as an assistant district officer in Nigeria. That Empire in its heyday has been described as a "system of outdoor relief for the upper classes." Cary needed the relief; his money had all but run out.

Hostile Milieu. He proved an able administrator. Yet the dramatic impulse of his life in Nigeria was the struggle to write, which he undertook entirely alone. His young wife had to remain behind in England, Plagued by chronic asthma, malarial mosquitoes and the tasks of directing 19 native police and supervising roads and drains, Cary would sit down each night by a kerosene lamp and turn out 2,000 to 3,000 words of fiction that he had no confidence would ever see the light of print. He tore up much of it ("I hadn't yet decided what I meant") and worked and reworked one novel, *Cock Jarvis*, which he never did complete. Eventually, he caught on with some stories for the *Saturday Evening Post* and made a little money. Eventually, too, he got back to England, settling in Oxford.

Biographer Foster naturally dwells upon the anguish of the long Nigerian period as the turning point of Cary's life. He etches in the hostile social and literary milieu in which Cary's vocation stubbornly flourished—where a stronger talent in a weaker man might never have come to fruition. In the long run, isolation proved a blessing. For Cary had to sweat over his craft far from the corrupting literary ambience that often sustains but modishly distorts young talent. London was full of *Weltschmerz* and fashionable reliance on canned Freud and Frazer. Cary was unaffected. Literary myth seekers and archetype spotters will look in vain through Cary's fiction. "My novels point out that the world consists entirely of exceptions," he wrote. Persistently, he saw the world as a struggle between creative man and organized authority, with no quarter given or expected. To tell of human life in terms of anything but spiritual adventure would have seemed to him not far from blasphemy against both life and art.

Shrewdly, Foster places Cary in the nonconformist English tradition of Bunyan, Defoe and Blake, with its preoccupation with individual responsibility and the morality of action. He gives to Cary's friend, the critic Lord David Cecil, the first and last words on Cary the man: "Something at once heroic and debonair in his whole personality suggested a gentleman rider in the race for life, [but] the gentleman rider was also a sage and a saint." Alas, biographies of less sterling gentlemen than Cary have made far livelier reading.

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